

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

Written by

FRA. QUARLES.
K

The last *EDITION* Cor-
rected and Amended.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Mosely*, at
the Prince's Arms in *St. Paul's*
Church-yard. 1659.

X

1484 a 8

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

Written by
FRA. QUARLES.
K

The last *EDITION* Cor-
rected and Amended.

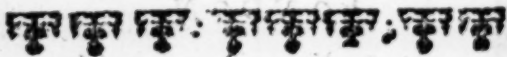
LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Mosely*, at
the Prince's Arms in *St. Paul's*
Church-yard. 1659.



The minde of the Frontispiece.

REader, behinde this filken Front'spiece
lies
The Argument of our Book : which to your
eyes
Our Muse (for serious causes, and best
known
Unto her self) commands should be un-
shown :
And therefore to that end, she hath thought
fit
To draw this Curtain 'twixt your eye and
it.







pr
up
br
fi
th
a
th
ha
I
I
to
I
th
w
an
m
an
re
th



To the Reader.

READER,

I Present thee here with an History of Argalus and Parthenia, the fruits of broken hours. It was a Ciens taken out of the Orchard of Sir Philip Sidney, of precious memory, which I have lately grafted upon a Crab-stock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many leaves, and promises pleasing fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in the bud. This book differs from my former, as a Courtier from a Church-man: But if any think it unfit for me to play both parts, I have presidents for it: And let such know, that I have taken but one play-day in six: However, I should beskrew that hand that binds them all together to make one Volume. In this discourse, I have not affected to set thy understanding on the Rack, by the Tyrannie of strong Lines, which (as they fabulously report of China aishes) are made for the third Generation to make use of, and are the meer itch of wit; under the colour of which, many have ventured trusting to the Oedipean conceipt of their ingenious Reader) to write non-sense,

To the Reader.

and feloniously father the created expofitions of other men; not unlike fome Painters, who firft make the Picture, then from the opinion of better judgements, conclude whom it refembles. Thefe lines are ftrong enough for my purpofe: If not for them, yet read them, and yet underftandings may be magnified by their weaknefs. Reader, thou fhalt in the progrefs of this Story, meet with a feeming Solœcifm; which is this; Demagoras his fo foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair Parthenia, is fully expreffed; and yet, the revenge thereof paffed over in filence; wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjuftly. When Prometheus ftole fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial bodies, the feeverer gods for punifhment of fo high a facrilege, ftruck him not dead with a fudden Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be tormented with Vultures continually gnawing on his Liver. The fame kind of torture had I-ion; fo bad Sifyphus; fo bad Tantalus: Did then Demagoras fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and fhould his punifhment be lefs? Had my pen delivered him dead into your hands, what could you have had more? His accursed memory had foon rotted with his bafe name, and there had been an end of him: In which refpect I have fuffered him to live; that he may ftand like a Jack-a-Lent, or a Shroving Cock, for every one to fpend a Cudgel at, to the Worlds end.

Ladies,

To the Reader.

Ladies, for in your silken laps I know this book
will chuse to lie, which being far-fetched, (if
the Stationer be wise) will be most fit for you;
my suit is, That you would be pleased to give
the fair Parthenia your noble entertainment :
She hath crost the Seas for your acquaintance,
and is come to live and die with you ; to whose
gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them.

Dublin this 4.
of March
1621.

FR. QUARLES.



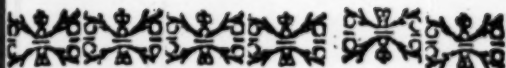
A 4

Ar-

2

2

To
Etc
Th
W
To
Di
A
As
As
He
Th
So
TU
W
O
TH
H
Ca



Argalus and Parthenia.

The first Book.



It in the limits of th' *Arcadian*
Land,
Whose grateful bounty hath
inrich't the hand
Of many a Shepherd Swain,
whose rural Art
(Untaught to gloze, or with
a double heart

To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
Eternal *Trophies* of a Pastoral name :
That sweet *Arcadia*, which, in antick days,
Was wont to warble out her well tun'd lays
To all the world ; and with her Oaten Reed,
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed ;
Arcadia, whose deserts did cla'm to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,
As his, whose louder *Aenead* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings :
There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth ;
Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent
Can serve but as a needless complement,

To gild perfection : She shall boast alone,
 What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own:
 Her mother was a Lady, whom deep age
 More fill'd with honor, then diseases ; sage,
 A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
 Sparing in speech, but lib'ral of her ear ;
 Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes ;
 Wedded to what her own opinion strikes :
 Frequent in alms, and charitable deeds
 Of mighty spirit, constant to her beads,
 Wisely suspicious : but what need we other
 Then this ? she was the fair *Parthenia's* mother,
 That rare *Parthenia*, in whose heavenly eye
 Six Maiden mildness mixt with Majesty ;
 Whose secret power hath a double skil,
 By frowns or smiles to make alive or kill ;
 Her cheeks are like to banks of fairest flowres,
 Inrich with sweetness from the twilight showres,
 Whereon those jays which were so often bred,
 Composed were, betwixt the white and red :
 Her hair wrought down beneath her Ivory knees,
 As if that Nature to so rare a peece
 Had meant a shadow, labouring to show
 And boast the utmost that her hand could do.
 Like smallest flax appear'd her Nymph like hair,
 But onely flax was not so small, so fair.
 Her lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
 Instead of teeth, that orient pearls had been :
 The whiteness of her dainty neck you know,
 If ever you beheld the new falln *Snow* ;
 Her Swan-like breasts were like two little *Spheres*,
 Wherein, each azure line in view appears ;
 Which, were they obvious but to every eye,
 All liberal Arts, would turn *Astronomy* :
 Her slender waist, her lilly hands, her arms
 I dare not set to view, because all charms
 Forbidden are : my bashful *Muse* descends
 No lower step : Here her *Commission* ends,
 And by another vertue doth enjoyn
 My pen to treat perfection more divine.

The chaste *Diana*, and her Virgin-crew
Was but a Type of one that should insue
In after ages, which we find exprest,
And here fulfill'd in chaste *Parthenia*'s breast;
True vertue was the object of her will;
She could no ill, because she knew no ill;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words oft lavish,
Yet free; but wisely weigh'd, more apt to ravish,
Then to intice; less beautif'd with Art,
Then natural sweetness: In her gentle heart
Judgment transcended; from her milder breast
Passion was not exiled, but repress'd:
Her voyce excell'd, nay, had you heard her voyce
But warble forth, you might have had the choyce,
To take her for some smooth fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or else some glorious Angel that had been
A treble sharer in the eternal joyes;
Such was her voyce, such was her heavenly voyce:
Merry, yet Modest; witty, and yet wise;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick, but not rash; courteous and yet not common;
Not too familiar, and yet scorning no man.
In brief, who would relate her praises well,
Must first bethink himself, what 'tis to excel.

When these perfections had inhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame
Grew great with honor, spreads her hasty wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,
And with her fulmouth'd blast she doth proclame
Th' unmated Glory of *Parthenias* name;
Who now but fair *Parthenia*? what report
Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
But fair *Parthenias*? Every solemn feast
Must now be sweetned, honour'd and posselt
With high discourses of *Parthenia*'s glory,
And every mouth must breath *Parthenias* story.
The Poet summons now his amorous quill,
And scorps assistance from the sacred Hill.
The sweet-lip'd Orator takes in hand to raise
His prouder stile, to speak *Parthenia*'s praise,

The curious Painter wisely doth displace
 Fair *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.
 The pleader burns his books, disdains the Law,
 And falls in love with whom his eyes ne'r saw.
 Healths to the fair *Parthenia* flie about
 At every board, whilst others, more devout,
 Build Idols to her, and adore the same,
 And Parrets learn to prate *Partheniaes* name :
 Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
 Her worth ; some emulates, and some envies :
 Some doubt, some fear least lavish Fame belie her,
 And all that dare believe report, admire.

Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
 Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord, of proud command,
 Lord of much people, youthful, and of fame
 More great than good ; *Demagoras* his name :
 Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,
 Thick should'ed, hollow-cheek'd, and visage eager,
 His gashfull countenance swarthy, long and thin,
 And down each side of his reverted chin
 A lock of black neglected hair (befriended
 With warts too ugly to be seen) descended ;
 His rolling eyes were deeply sunk, and hiew'd
 Like fire: 'Tis said, they blister'd where they view'd.
 Upon his shoulders from his fruitful crown,
 A rugged crop of *Elf Locks* dangled down :
 His hide all hairy ; garish his attire,
 And his complexion mee.ly Earth and Fire ;
 Perverse to all ; extenuating what
 Another did, because he did it not ;
 Maligning all mens actions but his own,
 Not loving any, and belov'd of none ;
 Revengefull, envious, desperately stout,
 And in a word, to paint him fully out,
 That had the Monopoly, to fulfill
 All vice ; the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
 He view'd *Partheniaes* face. As from above,
 Fire-balls of lightning hurl'd by angry *Jove*,
 Confound th'unarm'd beholder at a blow,
 And leave him ruin'd in the place ; Even so

The

The peerless beauty of Parthenia's eyes,
At the first sight did conquer and surprize
The lavish thoughts of this amazed lover,
Who void of strength to hide, or to discover
The tyrannous scorching of his secret fires,
Prompted by Passion, with himself conspires :

*Accurs'd Demagoras ! Into what a Fever
Hath one look struck thy soul ? O never, never
To be recur'd ! If I had done amiss,
Hath Heaven no easier plagues in store, but this ?
Prometheus pains are not so sharp as these ;
Our sins yet labor'd both if one disease ;
Our faults are equal : Both stole fire from Heaven ;
Our faults alike, why are our plagues uneven ?
Be just, O make not such unequal odds
Of equal sins : Be just, or else no gods :
Why send ye down such Angels to the earth,
To mock poor mortals ? or of mortal birth
If such a Heaven-like Paragon may be,
Why do ye not wound her as well as me ?
But why do I implore your aids in vain,
That are the highest Agents in my pain ?
Poor wretch ! What hope of help can ye assure me,
When onely she, that made the wound, can cure me ?
Divine Parthenia, Earth's unvalued Jewel,
Would thou hadst been less glorious or less cruel :
When first thine eyes did to these eyes appear,
I read the history of my ruin there,
My necessary ruin : Heaven, nor Hell
Can salve my sores, by help of Prayer or Spell ;
Gods are unjust, and if with charms I haunt her,
Her eyes are counter charms, to' enchant th' inchanter.
Why do I thus exulcerate my disease ?
By adding torments, hope I to finde ease ?
Is not her cruelty enough alone,
But must I bring fresh torments of my own ?
Chear up Demagoras ; 'Tis a wise mans part
Not to lose all, if his unpractis'd art
Serves not to gain : A Gamester may not chuse
His chance : It is some conquest not to lose.*

Look

Look to thy self: Let no injurious blast
 Of cold despair chill thy green wounds too fast
 For time to cure: O hope for no remission
 Of pain, till Cupid send thee a Phylition.
 She is a woman: if a woman, then
 My title's good: Women were made for men.
 See is a woman, though her heavenly brow
 Write Angel, and may stoop, although not now;
 Women, by looks, will not be understood
 Untill their hearts advise with flesh and blood.
 She is a woman, There's no reason why
 But she (perchance) may burn as well as I.
 Move then, Demagoras, let Parthenia know
 The strength of her own beauty, in thy woe:
 Fear not, what thou ador'st; begin to move,
 Chris-cross fore runs the Alphabet of love:
 'Tis half perfected, what is once begun,
 She is a woman, and she must be won.

Like as a Swain, whose hands have made a vow,
 And sworn allegiance to the peaceful Plow,
 Prest out for service in the Martial Camp,
 At first (unentred) finds a liveless damp
 Beleag'ring every joynt, as often swounds
 As here he views his sword, or thinks of wounds;
 At length (not finding any means for flying,
 Swicht and spur'd on with desperate fear of dying)
 He Hews, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,
 And freshly deals about his frantick blows,
 Even so Demagoras, whose unbred fashion
 Had never yet subscrib'd to loves sweet passion,
 Being call'd a Combatant to Cupids field,
 Trembles, and secretly resolves to yeeld
 The day without a parly, till at length,
 Fiercely transported by th' untutor'd strength
 Of his own passion, he himself assures,
 That desp'rate torments must have desp'rate cures;
 And thus to the divine Parthenias ears
 Applies his speech, devoid of doubts and fears;
 Fairest of creatures, if my ruder tongue,
 To right it self, should do your patience wrong

And

And lawless passion makes it too too free,
 O blame your heavenly beauty, and not me ;
 It was th' se eyes, those precious eyes th' first
 Enforc'd my tongue to speak, or heart to burst ;
 From those dear eyes I first receiv'd that wound,
 Which seeks for cure, and cannot be made sound
 But by the hand that struck it To you alone,
 I sue for help, that else must hope for none.
 Then crown my joyes, thou Antidote of despair,
 And be as merciful as thou art fair ;
 Nature, (the bounty of whose liberal hand
 Made thee the jewel of the Arcadian Land)
 Intended in so rare a prize, to boast
 Her master peece : Hid Jewels are but lost :
 Shine then ; and reb not Nature of her due .
 But honor her, as she hath honor'd you.
 Let not the best of all her works lie dead
 In the nice Casket of a Maiden head.
 What she would have reveal'd, O do not smother,
 Th' art made in vain, unless thou make another :
 Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
 Lest thou shouldst want a hear, Ile give thee mine,
 As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty
 As thou with verue, or thine eyes with beauty,
 Why dost thou frown ? Why does that heavenly brow
 Not made for wrinkles, shew a wrinkle now ?
 Send forth thy brighter Sun-shine, and the while,
 O lend me but the twilight of a smile :
 Give me one amercus glince ; why standst thou mute ?
 Disceise those ruby lips and grant my suit,
 Speak (Love) or if by doubtful mind be bent
 To silence, let that silence be consent :
 Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,
 My words may seem t' implead my own desert ;
 Disdain me not, although my thoughts descend
 Below themselves, t' enjoy so fair a friend.
 I, that have oft with tears been sought to, sue ;
 And Queens have been his servants, that serves you.
 The beauties of all Greece have been at strife
 To win the name of great Demagoras wife,

And

And

And been despis'd, not worthy to obtain
 So high an honor ; what they sought (in vain)
 I here present thee with, as thine own due,
 It being an honor fit for none but you :
 Speak then (my Love) and let thy lips make known
 That I am either thine, or not mine own.

Have you beheld when fresh *Aurora's* eye
 Sends forth her early beams, and by and by
 Withdraws the glory of her face, and shrouds
 Her cheeks behind a ruddy mask of clouds,
 Which, who believe in *Erra Pater* say,
 Presages wind and blustry storms that day.
 Such were *Parthenia's* looks ; in whose fair face
 Roses and Lilies, late had equal place :
 But now, 'twixt Maiden bashfulness, and spleen,
 Roses appear'd and Lilies were not seen :
 She paus'd a while, till at the last, she breaks
 Her long kept angry silence, thus and speaks.

My Lord,
 Had your strong Oratorie but the Art
 To make me conscious of so great desert,
 As you perswade, I should be bound in duty
 To praise your Rhet'rick as you praise my beauty :
 Or if the frailty of my judgement could
 Flatter my thoughts so grossly as to hold
 Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
 Count me as foolish as you term me fair.
 If you vie Courtship, Fortune knows that I
 Have not so strong a game, to see the vie :
 Alas, my skil durst never undertake
 To play the game, where hearts be set at stake :
 Needs must the loss be great, when such have bin
 Seldom observ'd to save themselves that win :
 You crave my heart, my Lord, you crave withal,
 Too great a mischief: My poor heart's too small
 To fill the concave of so great a brest,
 Whose thoughts can scorn the amorous request
 Of love sick Queens, and can requite the vain
 And fadious suit, of Ladies with disdain :

Stoop

Stoop not so low beneath your Self (Great Lord)
 To love Parthenia; shall so poor a word
 Stain your fair lips, whose merits do proclaim
 A more transcendent fortune, then that name
 Can give? Call down Joves winged Pursuivant,
 And give his tongue the power to incant
 Some easie Goddess in your name. and treat
 A marriage fitting so sublime, so great
 A mind as yours, and fill the fruitful earth
 With Heroes, sprung from so divine a birth:
 Parthenia's heart could never yet aspire
 So high: Her home bred thoughts durst ne'r desire
 So fond an honor, matcht with so great pride,
 To hope for that which Queens have been deny'd.
 Bewise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat
 S' unfit a suit: Be wise as you are great:
 Advance your noble Thoughts, hazard no more
 To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,
 That to the wiser world it may be known,
 The less y'are mine, the more you are your own.

Like as a guilty prisoner, upon whom
 Offended Justice lately past her doom,
 Stands trembling by, and hopeles to prevail,
 Bauls not for mercy, but to the loath'd Jail
 Drags his sad Irons, and from thence commends
 A hasty suit to his selected friends,
 That by the vertue of a quick Reprieve,
 The wretch might have some few daies more to live:
 Even so Demagoras, whose re-wounded heart
 Had newly felt the unexpected smart
 And secret burthen of a desperate doom,
 Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room,
 And in his discontented mind, revolves
 Ten thousand thoughts, and at the last resolves
 What course to run, relying on no other
 But the assistance of Parthenias mother.
 Forthwith his fierce misguided passion drove
 His wandering steps to the next neighboring grove,
 A keen Steele to in his trembling hand
 He rudely grip'd upon his lips did stand

A milk

A milk-white froth, his eyes like flames; sometimes
He curses Heaven, himself, and then the times,
Rails at the proud *Parthenia*; raves, despairs,
And from his head rends off his tangled hairs,
Curses the womb that bare him, bans the Fates,
And drunk with Spleen, he thus deliberates:

*Why dost thou not, Demagoras, when as death
Lends thee a weapon? Can the whining breath
Of discontents and passion send relief
To thy distraction, or assuage thy grief?
Why mov'st thou not the gods? or, rather, why
Dost not contemn, and scorn their power and die?
But stay! of whom dost thou complain? A woman.
To whom (fond man) dost thou complain? A woman.
And shall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee?
Or shall a womans wanton smile relieve thee?
Fie, fie, Demagoras, shall a womans eye
Prevail, to make the stout Demagoras die,
And leave to after times an enter'd name
In Calender of fools? Raze up for shame
Thy wasted spirits: whet thy spleen, and live
To be reverend: She, she that would not give
Admittance to thy profer'd love, must drink
The potion of thy hate: stir then the sink
Of all thy passion; where thou canst not gain
By fairer language, Tarquin-like constrain.
But hold thy hand Demagoras, and advise;
Art gives advantage oft where force denies:
Suspend thy fury, makes *Parthenia's* mother.
Thy means: One Adamant will cut another:
Sweeten thy lips with amorous Oratorie;
Affect her tender heart with the sad story
Of thy dear love: Extol *Parthenia's* beauty;
But most of all, wage that deserved duty
Thou ow'st her virtue, and make that the ground
Of thy first love, that gave thy heart the wound:
Mingle thy words with sighs, and it is meet,
If thou canst force a tear, to let her see't,
Against thy will. Let thy false tongue forbear
No vows, and though thou be'st forsworn, yet swear:*

If ere thy barren lips sha'l chance to pause,
For want of words, Parthenia is the cause,
Who ha b benumb'd thy heart, if ere they go
Beyond their lists, Parthenia made them so:
Withall, be sure, when ere thou shalt advance
The daughters vertues. Is the glory glance
Upon the prudent mother: women care not
To hear too much of vertue if they share not.
When thus thou hast prepar'd her melting ear
To soft attention, closely in the rear
Of thy discourse, prefer thy sad petition
That she would please to favor the condition
Of a distressed Lover, and afford
In thy behalf, a mothers timely word;
So shalt thou wrack thy vengeance by a wife,
And make the mother Bard, to her own child.

He paused not, but like a rash projector
(Whose frantick passion was supream director)
Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second,
Which might been better'd by advice, and reckon'd
All time but lost, which he bestowed not
On th' execution of his hopeful plot:
Forthwith his nimble paces he divided,
Towards the Summer Palace, where resided
The fair *Partheniaes* mother, boldly enters
And after mutual complement adventures
To break the Ice of his dissenbled grief:
Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief.

Madam,
The hopesfull thriving of my suit depends
Upon your goodness, and it recommends
It self unto your favor, from whose hand
It must have sentence, or to fall or stand:
Thrice three times hath the Sovereign of the night
Repair'd her empty horns with borrowed light,
Since these sad eyes, these beauty-blasted eyes
Were stricken by a light that did arise
From your blest womb, whose unasswaged smart
Hath pierc'd my soul, and wounded my poor heart:

It is the fair Parthenia, whose divine
 And glorious vertue led these eyes of mine
 To their own ruin ; Like a wanton Fly,
 I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
 Till I have burn'd my wings ; O, if to love,
 Be held a sin ; the guilty Gods above
 (Being fellow-sinners with us, and commit
 The self same crimes) may easily pardon it.
 O thrice divine Parthenia, that hast got
 A sacred priviledge which the gods have not,
 If thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereaven
 Of my lov'd life. yet let me die forgiven ;
 And welcome death that with one happy blow
 Gives me more ease then ever life could do,
 Madam, to whom shou'd my sad words appeal
 But you ? Alas to whom should I reveal
 My dying thoughts but unto you that gave
 Being to her, that hath the power to save
 My wasted life ; the language of a mother
 Moves more then tears, that trickles from another.
 With that a well dissembled drop did slide
 From his false eyes. The Lady thus repli'd ;

My honorable Lord,

If my untimely answer hath prevented
 Some further words your passion wou'd have vented,
 Pardon my haste, which in a ruder fashion
 Sought onely to divide you from your passion :
 The love you bear Parthenia must claim
 The priviledge of mine ear, and in her name
 (Though from an absent mind, as yet unknown)
 Return I thanks with interest of mine own.
 The little judgement, that the gods have lent
 Her downy years (though in a small extent)
 Does challenge the whole freedom of her choyce
 In the resignation of a mothers voyce :
 The sprightly fancies of a Virgin mind
 Enter themselves, and hate to be confin'd.
 The hidden Embers of a lovers fire
 Desire no bellows, but their own desire ;
 And like to Dedalus his forge, if blown,

Burns dim and dies ; blazes, if let alone.
 Lovers affect without advisement, that
 Which being most perswaded to, they hate.
 My Lord adjourn your passion, and refer
 The fortune of your suit to time, and her.
 Like to a Pinnace is a Lovers minde,
 The sail his fancy is ; a storm of wind
 His uncontrouled passion ; the Stears
 His Reason ; Rocks and Sands, are Doubts and Fears :
 Your storm being great, like a wise Pilot bear
 But little Sail, and stout'y ply the Stear :
 Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me
 My Lord ; too hasty Gamesters ever see.
 Go, move Parthenia, and let Juno's blessing
 Attend your hopesfull suit, in the suppressing
 Loves common evils ; and if her warm desire
 Shew but a spark, leave me to blow the fire.
 Go, lose no time : Lovers must be laborious ;
 My Lord, go prosperous, and return victorious.

With that, Demagoras (prostrate on the ground,
 As if his ears had heard that blessed sound,
 Wherewith the Delphian Oracle acquites
 Th'accepted sacrifice) performs the Rites
 Of quick devotion to that heavenly voyce,
 Which fed his soul with the malignant joyes.
 Of vow'd revenge; up from the floor he starts,
 Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time, had the Heaven surrounding Steeds
 Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting
 Into their lower Hemisphere, to cool (heads
 Their flaming Nostrils in the Western Pool,
 When as the dainty and mollitious Air
 Had bid the Lady of the Palace share
 In her refined pleasures, and invited
 Her gentle steps fully to be delighted
 In those sweet walks, where *Flora's* liberal hand
 Had given more freely then to all the Land.
 There walked she and in her various mind,
 Projects and casts about which way to find
 The progress of the young *Parthenia's* heart.

Likes

Likes this way : Then a second thought does thwart
 The first ; likes that way, then a third the second ;
 One while she likes the match, and then she reckon'd
Danagoras virtues : Now her fear intices
 Her thoughts to alter ; then she counts his vices :
 Sometimes she calls his vows and oaths to mind ;
 Another while, thinks oaths and words but wind.
 She likes, dislikes, her doubtful thoughts do vary ;
 Resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary :
 One while she fears that his malign aspect
 Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect ;
 And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
 His wealth, the golden cover of all faults ;
 And from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests
 Her fears ; creates a world of wealth, and rests :
 With that, she straight unfixt her fastned eyes
 From off the ground, and looking up, espies
 The fair *Parthenia* in a lonely Bowre,
 Spending the treasure of an evenings hour.
 There sat she, reading the sweet sad discourses
 Of *Charictea's* love ; the intercourses
 Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
 To feel the self-same joy, the self-same smart ;
 She read, she wept ; and as she wept she smil'd,
 As if her equal eyes had reconcil'd
 Th' extreams of joy and grief : she clos'd the Book
 Then open'd it, and with a milder look,
 She pities lovers ; muling then a while,
 She teaches smiles to weep, and tears to smile ;
 At length her broken thoughts she thus discovers.

Unconstant state of poor distressed lovers !

Is all extreame in love ? No mean at all ?

No draughts indiff'rent ? Either honey or gall ?

Hath Cupids univerſe no temperate Zone ?

Either a torrid, or a frozen one ?

Alas, alas. poor Lovers ! As she spake
Those words, from her disclosed lips there brake
A gentle sigh, and after that another.

With that, steps in her unexpected mother.

Have ye beheld when Titans lustful head

Hath

Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green bed
Of *Thetis*, how the bathfull Horizon
(Enforc'd to see what should be seen by none)
Looks red for shame, and blushes to discover
Th'incestuous pleasures of the Heaven-born lover?
So look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye
Of her unwelcome mother did descry
Her secret passion; The mothers smile
Brought forth the daughters blush; and level coy
They smil'd and blush'd, one smile begat another;
The daughter blush'd, because the jealous mother
Smil'd on her, and the silent mother smil'd
To see the conscious blushing of her childe.
At length grown great with words, she did awake
Her forced silence, and she thus bespake,

Blush not, my fairest daughter: 'Tis no shame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the brest:
'Tis charity to succour the distressed.

The disposition of a generous heart
Makes every grief her own; at least bears part.
What Marble, ah what Adamantine ear
Ere heard the flames of Troy without a tear?
Much more the scorching of a lovers fire
(Whose desperate fuel is his own desire)
May boldly challenge every gentle heart
To be joyn'tenant in his secret smart.

Why dost thou blush? why did those pearly tears
Slide down? Fear not: This arbour hath no ears:

Here's none but we; speak then: It is no shame
To shed a tear, thy mother did the same.

Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
Sent ere a message to thy wounded heart?

Speak, in the name of Hymen, I conjure thee:

If so, I have a balsom will recure thee;

I fear, I fear, the young Laconian Lord

Hath lately left some indigested word

In thy cold stomach; which for want of art,

I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart:

What he all, revealing brings relief:

Silence

Silence in love but multiplies a grief;
 Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd,
 Which being but disclos'd, is easily cur'd.
 Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and wouldst smother
 Thy close affection from thy angry mother,
 And reap the dainty fruits of love unseen;
 I did the like, or thou hadst never been;
 Stolen goods are sweetest. If it be thy minde
 To love in secret, I will be as blind
 As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare
 Acquaint thy mother, then a mothers care
 Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire
 The sweet fruition of thy choyce desire.
 Thou lov'st Demagoras: if thy lips deny,
 Thy conscious heart must give thy lips the lye:
 And if thy liking countermand my will,
 Thy punishment shall be to love him still:
 Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit
 The Crown belonging to so fair a merit;
 His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
 To speak, at least, an age above his years:
 The blood of his increasing honor springs
 From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings;
 The gods have blest him with a liberal hand,
 Enrich'd him with the prime of all the land:
 Honor and wealth attend his gates, and what
 Can be command that he possesses not?
 All which, and more (if mothers can divine)
 The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine;
 He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eyes
 Have took him prisoner, he submits, and lies
 At thy dear mercy, hoping ne'r to be
 Ransom'd from death, by any price but thee.
 Wrong not thy self, in being too too nice;
 And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,
 Accept at first: It is a foolish minde
 To be too coy; Occasion's blade bebinde.
 'Tis not the common work of every day
 To afford such offers; take them while you may,
 Times alter; Youth and beauty are but blasts;

Use then thy time, whilst youth and beauty lasts :

For if that loath'd and infamous reproach

Of a stale maid, but offer to incroach

Upon opinion, thou art in estimation,

Like garments kept till they be out of fashion :

Thy worth, thy wit, thy vertues all must stand

Like goods at out-cries, pris'd at second hand ;

Resolve thee then, t' enlarge thy Virgin-life

With the honourable freedom of a wife :

And let the fruits of that blest marriage be

A living pledge betwixt my childe and me.

So said, The fair *Parthenia* (in whose heart
Her strong affection yet had got the start
Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,
Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding Laws
Of filial duty to her best affection,
Sometimes submits unto her own election,
Sometimes submits unto her mothers : Thus divided
In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided
By one desire, and sometimes by another,
She thus repli'd to her attentive mother ;

Madam,

Think not *Parthenia*, under a pretence

Of silence studies disobedience ;

Or by the crafty slowness of reply

Borrows a quick advantage to deny :

It lies not in your power to command

Beyond my will, unto your tender hand

I here surrender up that little All

You gave me freely to dispose withall :

The Gods forbid, *Parthenia* should resist

What you command, command you what you list :

But pardon me, the young *Laconian* Lord

Hath made assault, but never yet could board

This heart of mine : I wept, I wept indeed,

But my mis-construed streams did ne'r proceed

From Cupids spring ; This blubber'd book makes known

Whose griefs I wept ; I wept not for mine own ;

My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire

The least degree towards the proud desire

Of so great honour to be call'd his Wife,
 For whom ambitious Queens have been at strife :
 He su'd for Love, and strongly did importune
 My heart, more pleas'd with a meaner fortune :
 My breast was Marble, and my heart forgot
 All pity ; for indeed, I lov'd him not :
 But Madam, you, to whose mere wise directions
 I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,
 You have commanded, and your will shall be
 The square of my uneven desires, and me :
 He practise du y, and my deed shall show it :
 He practise love, though Cupid never know it.

When great *Basilus* (he whose Princely hand
 Nourish'd long peace in the *Arcadian* Land)
 With triumph brought to his renowned Court
 His new espoused Queen, was great resort
 Of forreign States, and Princes to behold
 The truth, that unbeliev'd report hath told
 Of fair *Gynecia's* worth, thither repair'd
 The *Cyprian* Nobles richly all prepar'd
 In wallike furniture, and well addrest,
 With solemn Jufts to glorifie the Feast
 Of Marriage royal, lately past between
 Th' *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble Queen,
 The fair *Gynecia*, in whose face and brest,
 Nature and curious Art had done their best,
 To sum that rare perfection, which (in brief)
 Transcends the power of a strong belief :
 Her Syre was the *Cyprian* King whose fame
 Receiv'd more honour from the honour'd name,
 Than if he had with his victorious hand
 Unsceptred half the Princes in the Land :
 To tell the glory of this royal Feast,
 The Bridegrooms state, and how the Bride was drest ;
 The princely service, and the rare delights ;
 The several names and worth of Lords and Knights ;
 The quaint *Impressa's*, their deviseful shows ;
 Their Marshal sports, their oft redoubled blows ;
 The courage of this Lord, or that proud Horse,
 Who ran, who got the better, who the worse,

Is not my task ; nor lies it in my way,
 To make relation of it, Heralds may :
 Yet fame and honour have selected one
 From that illustrious crue ; and him alone
 Have recommended to my careful quill,
 Forbidding that his honor should lie still
 Among the rest, whom fortune and his spirit
 That day had crowned with a Victors merit :
 His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born :
 And (if what is not ours, may adorn
 Our proper fortunes) his blood royal springs
 From th' ancient stock of the great *Cyprian* Kings :
 His out-side had enough to satisfie
 The expectation of a curious eye :
 Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,
 To make him half so fair, whom fame and duty
 He ought to honor, call'd so often forth,
 T' approve the excellence of his manly worth ;
 His mind was richly furnisht with the treasure
 Of moral knowledge in so liberal measure,
 Not to be proud ; So valiant and so strong,
 Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong ;
 Friendly to all men, inward but with few ;
 Fast to his old friends, and unapt for new :
 Lord of his word, and master of his passion ;
 Serious in business, choyce in recreation ;
 Not too mistrustful, and yet wisely wary ;
 Hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary.
 And to conclude, the world could hardly finde
 So rare a body with so rare a minde.

Thrice had the bright surveyor of the heaven
 Divided out the days and nights by eaven
 And equal howers, since this childe of fame
 (Invited by the glory of her name)
 First view'd *Partheniaes* face, whose mutual eye
 Shot equal flames, and with the secret eye
 Of undisclos'd affection, joyn'd together
 Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to either:
 Both dearly lov'd ; the more they strove to hide
 Their love, affection they the more describe.

*It lies beyond the power of art to smother
Affection, where one verine findes another.*

One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
And yet both lov'd, unknown; belov'd, unknown:
One was the Dart, that at the self same time
Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him:
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd;
Yet, where they both could help, was none reliev'd:
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none
But two in all, and yet that *all* but one,
By this time had their barren lips betray'd
Their tin'rous silence; now they had display'd
Loves sanguine colours, whilst the winged Childe
Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands and smil'd
To see the combat of two wounded friends.
He strikes and wounds himself, while she defends
That would be wounded, for her pain proceeds,
And flows from his, and from his wound he bleeds;
She play: at him, and aiming at his breast,
Pierc'd her own heart: And when his hand addrest
The blow to her fair bosom, there it found
His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound:
At length both conquer'd and yet both did yeeld,
Both lost the day, and yet both won the field:
And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,
Their lips gave earnest of a ioyful peace.

*But O the hideous chances that attend
A lovers progress to his journeys end!
How many desp'rate rubs, and dangers wait
Each minute on his miserable state!
His hopes do build, what straight his fears destroy:
Sometimes he surfeits with excess of joy;
Some times despairing ere to find relief,
He roars beneath the tyranny of grief;
And when a loves current runs with greatest force,
Some obvious mischief still disturbs the course:
For lo, no sooner the discovered flame
Of these new parted lovers did proclaim
Loves sacred jubilee; but the Virgins Mother
(The posture of whose visage did discover*

Some

Some serious matter, harb'ring in her brest)
Enters the room : Half angry, half in jest,
She thus began : My dearest child, this night,
When as the silent darkness did invite
Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possess'd
My troubled mind, and robbed me of my rest ;
I slept not till the early bugle horn
Of Chanticleer had summon'd in the morn
To attend the Light, and nurse the new born Day:
At last when Morpheus with his leaden key
Had lock'd my senses, and enlarg'd the power
Of my heaven-guided fancy, for an hour
I slumber'd ; and before my slumbering eyes,
One and the self same dream presented thrice,
I wak'd ; and being frighted at the vision,
Perceiv'd the gods had made an apparition.
My dream was this : Methought I saw thee sitting
Drest like a princely Bride, with robes besitting
The State of Majesty ; thy Nymph like hair
Loosly dishevel'd and thy brows did bear
A Cyprian wreath ; and (thrice three months expir'd)
Thy pregnant womb grew heavy and requir'd
Lutina's aid ; with that me thought I saw
A team of barneft Peacocks fiercely draw
A fiery chariot from the flitting skie,
Wherein there sat the glorious Majestie
Of great Saturnia, on whose train attended
A host of goddesses ; Juno descended
From out the flaming Chariot, and best
Thy painful womb ; Thy pains a while increas'd,
At length she laid her genile palms upon
Thy fruitful flank, and there was born a son ;
She made thee mother of a smiling boy,
And after blest thee with a mothers joy,
She kiss'd the Babe, whose fortune she foretold ;
For on his head she set a Crown of Gold ;
Forthwith, as if the heavens had cleven in sunder,
Me thought I heard the horrid noise of thunder ;
The hail storm'd down, and yet the skie was clear,
Some hailstones that descended did appear.

*As Orient pearls, some like refined Gold,
 Whereat the Goddess turn'd, and said, Behold,
 Great Jove hath sent a gift; go forth, and take't:
 Thus having spoke, she vanish, and I wak'd.
 I wak'd, and waking trembled; for I knew
 They were no idle passages, that grew
 From my distemper'd thoughts: 'twas not a vain
 Delusion roaving from a troubled brain.
 It was a vision, and the Gods forespoke
 Parthenia's fortune; Gods cannot mistake.
 I lik'd the dream, wherein the heavens foretold
 Thy joyfu' Marriage and the showre of gold
 Betokened wealth: The Infants golden Crown,
 Ensuing honour; Juno's coming down,
 A safe deliverance; and the smiling Boy
 Summ'd up the total of a mothers joy:
 But what the wreath of Cyprus (that was set
 Upon thy nuptia'l brows) presag'd as yet
 The Gods keep from me: if that secret do
 Portend an evill, Heaven keep it from thee too.
 Advise Parthenia: seek not to withstand
 The plot wherein the Gods vouchsafe a hand:
 Submit thy will to theirs; what they enjoyn
 Mu'l be; nor lies it in my power or thine
 To contradict: Endeavor to fulfill
 What else must come to pass against thy will:
 Now by the social duty thou dost bear
 The Gods and me, or if ought else more dear
 Can force obedience, as thou hop'st to speed
 At the good hands, in greatest time of need;
 By Heaven, by Hell, by all the powers above,
 I here conjure Parthenia to remove
 All fond conceits, that labor to disjoyn
 What Heaven hath knit; Demagoras heart and thine;
 The Gods are faithfull; and their wisdoms know
 What's better for us mortals, then we do.
 Doubt not (my child) the Gods cannot deceive;
 What Heaven does offer, fear not to receive
 With thankful hands; pass not so slightly over
 The dear affections of so true a Lover.*

*Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd breast,
 That findes abroad no joy. at home narest :
 But like a wounded Hart before the Hounds,
 That flies with Cupids Javelin in his wounds,
 Stir up thy rak'd up embers of desire,
 The Gods will bring in fennel and blow the fire ;
 Be gentle ; let thy cordial smiles revive
 His wasted spirits, that onely cares to live
 To do thee honour : it was Cupids will,
 The Dart he sent, should onely wound not kill ;
 Ieeld then ; and let the engag'd Gods pour down
 Their promis'd blessings on thy head, and Crown
 Thy youth with joys, and maist thou after be
 As blest in thine, as I am blest in thee.*

So said : the fair *Parthenia*, to whose heart
 Her fixt desires had taught the unwilling Art
 Of disobedience, calls her judgement in,
 And of two evils, determines it a sin
 More venial, by a resolute denial,
 To prove undutiful, then be disloyal
 To him whose heart a sacred vow had ty'd
 So fast to hers ; and (weeping) thus repli'd,
Madam,

*The angry Gods have late conspir'd to show
 The utmost their invrag'd hands could do,
 And having laid aside all mercy, stretch
 Their power to make one miserable wretch ;
 Whose curst and tortur'd sou! must onely be
 The subject of their wrath ; and I am she.
 Hard is the case ! my dear desires must fail,
 My vows must crack, my plighted faith be frail ;
 Or else affection must be so exil'd
 A mothers heart, that she renounce her childe.*

And as she spake that word, a flowing tide
 Of tears gush't out, whose violence deny'd
 The intended passage of her doubling tongue :
 She stop't a while, then on the floor she flung
 Her prostrate body, while her hands did tear
 (Not knowing what they did) her dainty hair :

Sometimes she struck the ground, sometimes her breast;
 Began some words, and then wept out the rest :
 At last, her lifeless hands did by degrees
 Raise her cast body on her feeble knees,
 And hun bly rearing her sad eyes upon
 Her mothers frowning visage. thus went on.

*Upon those knees, these knees that ne'r were bent
 To you in vain : that never did present
 Their unrequited duty : never rose
 With ut a mothers blessing ; upon those,
 Upon those naked knees I recommend
 To y ur dear thoughts, those torments that attend
 Your poor Parthenia, whose unknown distress
 Craves rather death, than language to express.
 What shall I do ? Demagoras and death
 Sound both alike to these sad ears ; that breath
 That names the one, does nominate the other :
 No, no, I cannot love him, my dear mother.
 Command Parthenia now to undergo
 What death you please, and these quick hands shall show
 The seal of my obedience in my heart ;
 The gods themselves, that have a secret art
 To force affection, cannot violate
 The laws of Nature, nor the course of Fate.
 Can ear h forget her burthen, and ascend ?
 Or can th' aspiring flames be taught to tend
 To th' ear h ? If fire descend, and earth aspire,
 Earth were no longer earth, nor fire, fire :
 Even so by nature, 'tis all one to me,
 To love Demagoras, and not to be :
 No, no the heavens can do no act that's greater,
 Then (having made so) to preserve their creature ;
 And think you that the righteous gods will fill me
 With such false joyes, as (if enjoy d) wou d kill me ?
 I know that they are merciful ; what they
 Command, they give a power to obey :
 The joyful Vision that your slumbring eyes,
 Of late beh'e'd, did promise and comprise
 A fairer fortune, than the Heavens can share
 The poor Parthenias merit ; wh: m despair*

Hath swal'ow'd : Your prophetick dream describe
A royal marriage ; pointed out the Bride :
Her safe deliverance ; and her smiling son ;
Honor and wealth ; and after all was done,
There wants a Bridegroom: him, the heavens have seal'd
Within my breast, by me, to be reveal'd;
Which if y^r patience shall vouchsafe to hear,
My lips shall recommend unto your ear.

When as Basilius (may whose royall hand
Long sway the Scepter of th' Arcadian Land)
From Cyprus brought his more then princely Bride,
The fair Gynecia, (whom as Greece denide
An equal ; so the world acknowledg'd none
As her superior in perfection :)

Upon this Ladies royal train, and state,
A great concourse of Nobles did await,
And Cyprian Princes with their princely pore
To see her crown'd in the Arcadian Court :
Illustrious Princes were they, but as far
As midnight Phebe out shines a twinkling star,
So far, amongst this rout of Princes one
Surpass the rest in honour and renown :
Whose perfect vertue finds more admiration
In the Arcadian Court, then imitation :
In th' exc'ellence of his outward parts, and feature,
The world conceives the curious hand of Nature
Out-went it self ; which being richly fraught
And furnish'd with transcendent worth is thought
To be the chosen fortress for protection
Of all the Arts, and store-house of perfection :
The Cyprus stock did ne'r, till now bring forth
So rare a branch, whose undervalued worth
Brings greater glory to th' Arcadian Land,
Then can the dull Arcadians understand :

His name is Argalus :
He (Madam) was that Cyprus wreath, that crown'd
My nuptial brows : and now the Bridegroom's found,
Cloth'd in the mystery of that Cyprus wreath ;
Which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breathe
Into my soul, O may I cease to be,

If ought but death part Argalus and me :
 Yet does my safe obedience not withstand
 What you desire, or what the Gods command :
 For what the Gods command, is your desire
 Parthenia should obey, and not respire
 Against their sacred counsels. or withstand
 The plot wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand.
 We must submit our wills ; that they enjoyn
 Must be, nor lies it in your power or mine
 To cross ; we must endeavour to fulfill
 What else must come to pass against our will :
 My vows are past, and second Heavens decree,
 Nothing shall part my Argalus and me.

So said : th' impatient mothers kindled eye
 (Half closed with a murderous frown) let flie
 A scorching Fire ball, from whence was shed
 Some drops of choler, sternly shakes her head ;
 With trembling hands unlocks the door, and flees,
 Leaving Parthenia on her aking knees :
 And as she fled, her fury thus began
 To open, *And is Argalus the man ?*
 But there she stops, and striving to express
 What rage had prompted, could do nothing less.

All you whose dear affections have been tost
In Cupids blanket, and unjustly cross'd
By willful Parents, whose extream command
Have made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,
That take a furious pleasure to divorce
Your souls from your best thoughts (nay what is worse
Then torture) force your fancies to respect
And dearly love, whom most you disaffect ;
Draw neer, and comfort the distressed heart
Of poor Parthenia ; let your eyes impart
One drop at least : and who so're thou be
That read'st these lines, may thy desires see
The like success, if reading, thou forbear
To wet this very paper with a tear.
 Behold (poor Lady) how an hours time
 Hath pluck'd her faded Roses from their prime.

Who

Who like an unregarded ruine, lies,
With deaths untimely image in her eyes:
She, she, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd
With promis'd joyes, lies grovling on the ground ;
Her weary hand, sustains her drooping head ;
(*Too soft a pillow, for so hard a bed*)

Her eyes swoln up, as loth to see the light,
That would discover so forlorn a sight :
The flaxen wealth of her neglected hairs
Stick fast to her pale cheek with dried tears ;
And at first blush, she seems, as if it were
Some curious statue on a Sepulchre :
Sometimes her briny lips would whisper thus,

My Argalus, my dearest Argalus !

And then they clos'd again, as if the one
Had kist the other for that service done,
In naming *Argalus* ; sometimes oppress'd
With a deep sigh, she gave her fainting breast
A sudden stroak, and after that another,
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted mother !*
And sick with her own thoughts, her passion strove
Betwixt the two extreames of grief and love ;
The more she griev'd, the more her love abounded :
The more she lov'd, the more her heart was wounded.
With desp'rate grief ; at length the tyrannous force
Of love and grief, sent forth this self-discourse.

*How art thou chang'd (Parthenia) How hath passion
Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion ?
Exil'd thy little judgement, and betray'd thee
To thine own self ? How nothing hath it made thee ?
How is thy weather-beaten soul oppress'd
With storms and tempests blown from the North-east
Of cold despair ? which long ere this had found
Eternal rest ; had been overwhelm'd and drown'd
In the deep gulf of all my miseries,
Had I not pumpt this water from mine eyes ;
My Argalus, O where, O where art thou ?
Thou little think'st thy poor Parthenia now
Is tortur'd for thy sake ; alas, (dear heart !)
Thou knowst not the insufferable smart.*

I undergo for thee ; thou dost not keep
A Register of those sad tears I weep,
No, no, thou dost not.

Well, well ; from henceforth, Fortune, do not spare
To do the worst thy active mischief dare ;
Devise new torments, or repeat the old,
Until thou burst, or I complain : Be bold,
As bitter ; I disdain thy rage, thy power,
Who's level'd with the earth can fall no lower ;
Do, spit thy venom forth, and temper all
Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall :
Thy practis'd malice can no charm devise
Too sure for Argalus to exercise :

His love shall sweeten death, and make a torture
My sportful pastime, to make hours shorter :
His love shall fill my heart, and leave no room
Wherein your rage may practise Martyrdom.
But ere that word could usher out another,
The tender Virgin's marble hearted mother
Enters the chamber ; with a chang'd aspect
Beholds Parthenia, with a new respect
Salutes her childe, and (having clos'd the door)
Her helpful arm removes her from the floor
Whereon she lay, and being set together,
In gentle terms, she thus did commune with her.

Perverse Parthenia, is thy heart so sworn
To Argalus his love, that it must scorn
Demagoras ? are your souls conjoyn'd so close
That my entreaty may not interpose ?
If so, what help ? yet let a mothers care
Be not condemn'd, that bids her child beware.
The sickle that's too early cannot reap
A fruitful Harvest ; look before you leap.
Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
You cannot measure vertue in a day ;
Vertues appear, but vices bask the light ;
To, hard to read a vice at the first sight.
False are those joyes that are not mixt with doubt,
Fire easily kindled, will not easily out :
Divide that love, which thou bestow'st on one,

Twint

Twixt two ; try both, then take the best or none :
 Consult with time, for time betrays, discovers
 The faith, the love, the constancy of lovers.
 Acts done in haste, by leisure are repented,
 And things soon past, are oft too late lamented.
 With that Parthenia rising from her place,
 And bowing with incomparable grace,
 Made this reply : Madam, each several day
 Since first you gave this body being, may,
 Write a large volume of your tender care,
 Whose hourly goodness if it should compare
 With my deserts, alas, the world would show
 Too great a sum for one poor heart to owe.
 I must confess my heart is not so sworn
 To Argalus his merit, as to scorn
 Demagoras ; nor yet so loosely tide,
 That I can slip the knot, and so divide
 En ire affection, which must not be sever'd,
 Nor ever can be (but in vain) endeavor'd :
 My heart is one, and by one power guided :
 One is no number, cannot be divided :
 And Cupids learned Schoolmen have resolv'd
 That love divided is but love dissolv'd :
 But yet, what plighted faith and honour may
 Not now undo, your counsel shall delay.
 Madam, Partheniaes hand is not so greedy
 To reap her corn, before her corn be ready :
 Her unadvised Sick'le shall not thrust
 Into her hopeful Harvest ere needs must :
 To yours, Parthenia shall submit her skill,
 Whose season shall be season'd by your will :
 Her time of Harvest shall admit no measure,
 But onely what's proportion'd by your pleasure.

So ended she ; but till that darkness got
 The mastery of the light, they parted not :
 The mother pleads for the Laconian Lord ;
 The daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd
 His very name, had not her mother spok't)
 She pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't :

Yet

Yet still the Mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd, that a hard hearted wit
Knows to devise ; perswades, allures, intreats,
Mingles her words with smiles, with tears, with threats
Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
Does th' utmost that a marble-breasted mother
Can do ; and yet the more she did apply,
The more she taught *Parthenia* to deny ;
The more she did assault, the more contend,
The more she taught the Virgin to defend.
At last, despairing (for her words did find
More hopes to move a mountain than her mind)
She spake no more : but from her chair she started,
And spit these words, *Go peevish Girl* ; and parted
Away she flings, and finding no success
In her lost words, her fury did address
Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot :
Actions must now enforce what words could not ;
Treason is in her thoughts ; her furious breath
Can whisper now no language under death :
Poor *Argalus* must die, and his remove
Must make the passage to *Demagoras* love ;
And till that bar be broken, or put by,
No hope to speed, poor *Argalus* must die,
Demagoras is call'd to counsel now,
Consults, consents, and after mutual vow,
Resolving on the act they both conspire
Which way to execute their close desire :
Drawing his keen *Steeletto* from his side,
Madam (said he) *this medicine well applide*
To Argalus his bosome will give rest
To him, and me ; the sudden way is best.
My Lord, your trembling hand (said she) *may miss*
The mark, and then your self in danger is
Of out-cry, or perchance his own resistance ;
Attempts are dangerous at so small a distance :
A Drug the better weapon, which does breath
Deaths secret errand, carries sudden death
Clos'd up in sweetness : Come, a Drug strikes sure,
And works our ends, and yet we sleep secure.

*My Lord, be hink no other ; set your rest
Upon these Cards, the surest way is best ;
Leave me to manage our successful plot,
And if these studious brows contrive it not
Too sure for art of Magick to prevent,
Ne'r trust a womans wit when fully bent
To take revenge ; Be gone, my Lord, Repose
Thetrust in me ; onely be wise, be close.*

That night, when as the universal shade
Of the unpangled Heaven and Earth had made
An utter darkness (darkness apt to further
The horrid enterprise of rapes and marther)
She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
A full revenge, she calls *Athleia* to her ,
(*Parthenias* Handmaid) whom she thus bespake :

*Athleia, dare thy private thoughts partake
With mine ? Canst thou be secret ? Has thy heart
A lock that none can pick by beevisish art,
Or break by force ? tell me, canst thou digest
A secret trusted to thy faithful breast ?*

*Madam (said she) Let me be never true
To my own thoughts, if ever false to you :
Speak what you please ; Athleia shall conceal ;
Torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.*

Repli'd the Lady then ; *Athleia* knows
How much, how much my dear affection owns
Parthenia's heart, whose welfare is the crown
Of all my joyes which now is overthrown,

*And deeply buried in forgotten dust ,
If thou betray the secret of my trust ;
It lieth in thy power to remove
Approaching evils ; Parthenia is in love,
Her wasted spirits languish in her breast,
And nought, but look'd for death, can give her rest ;
'Tis Argalus she loves, who with disdain
Requites her love, not loving her again ;
He slights her tears ; the more that he neglects,
The more intirely she (poor soul) affects .
She groans beneath the burthen of despair,
And with her sighs she cloyes the idle air*

Thou art acquainted with her private fears,
 And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,
 Must know too much for one poor heart to endure;
 But desperate's the wound admits no cure:
 It lies in thee to help. Athleia, say,
 Wilt thou assist me, if I find the way?

Madam, My forced ignorance shall be
 Sufficient earnest for my secrecy:
 Your lips have utter'd nothing that is new
 To Athleia's ears; alas, it is too true:
 Long, long ere this, your servant had reveal'd
 The same to you, had not those lips been seal'd:
 But if my best endeavors may extend
 To bring my Ladies sorrows to an end:
 Let all the enraged Dieties allot
 To me worse torment, if I do it not;
 My life's too poor to hazard for her case;
 Madam, Ile do't, Command me what you please.
 So said; the treacherous Lady stept aside,
 Into her serious Closet; and appli'd
 Her hasty, and perfidious hands to frame
 This forged Letter, in Partheniaes name:

To her faithfull Argalus.

Although the malice of a mother
 Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
 What my desire is should flame;
 Yet Parthenia's the same.
 Although my fire be hid a while,
 'Tis but fire slak'd with oyl;
 Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
 It shall burn and blaze withall.
 What I send thee drink with speed,
 Else let my Argalus take heed;
 Unless thy providence withstand,
 There is treason near at hand:
 Drink as thou lov'st me, and it shall secure thee
 From future dangers, or from past, rescue thee.
 Thy constant Parthenia.

This

*This done, and seal'd, she op'd her private door,
 Call'd in Athleia, and said, Fir every sore,
 The gods provide a salve; force must prevail
 Where sighs and tears, and deep intreaties fail.
 Forthwith from out her Cabinet she took
 A little glass, and said, Athleia, look,
 Within these slender walls, these glazed lists,
 Partheniaes happiness, and life consists;
 It is Nepenthe, which the fathious gods
 Douse to drink, when ere they be at odds;
 Whose secret virtue (so infus'd by Jove)
 Does turn deep hatred into dearest love;
 It makes the proudest lover whine and bawl,
 And su b to dote, as never lov'd at all:
 Here take this glass, and recommend the same
 To Argalus in his Partheniaes name;
 And to his hand, to his own hand commit
 This Letter between Argalus and it.
 Let no eye come, be sure thy speed prevents
 The rising Sun; and so heavens crown th' event.*

*By this the feather'd Belman of the night
 Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite
 All eyes to slumber, when they both address'd
 Their thoughtful minds, to take a doubtful rest.*

*O Heavens! and you, O you celestial powers,
 That never slumber, but employ a'l hours
 In mans protection; still preserving, keeping
 Our souls from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping.*

*O, can your all-discerning eyes behold
 Such impious actions prosper uncontrol'd!
 O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
 To see your servant (that now sleeps secure,
 Unarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,
 But your protection, and his innocence)
 Betray'd and murder'd, drawing at one breath
 His own prepar'd destruction, his own death?
 And will ye suffer't? he that is the crown
 Of priz'd virtue, honour and renown;
 The flower of Arts; the Cyprian living story:
 Arcadias Garland, and great Greeces glory;*

The

The earths new wonder, and the worlds example,
 Must die betray'd ; treason and death must trample
 Upon his life : and in the dust must lie
 As much admir'd perfection as can die.
 No, Argalus, the coward hand of death
 Durst ne'r assault thee, if not underneath
 The mask of love : thou art above the reach
 Of open wrongs ; mans force could ne'r make breach
 Into thy life : no, Death could ne'r uncase
 Thy soul, had she appeared face to face.
 Dream Argalus, and let thy boughs be troubled
 With murk'ers, & cacons, let thy dreams be doubled :
 And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,
 Be wise'y superstitious, and believe.
 O, that my lines could wake thee now, and sever
 Those eye-lids that ere long must sleep for ever :
 Wake now or never Argalus, and withstand
 Thy danger : wake, the murk'ers is at hand.
 Parthenia, O Parthenia, who shall weep
 Thy world of tears ? canst thou, O canst thou sleep ?
 Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to slumber ?
 Does nothing trouble thee ? no dream incumber
 Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus so near
 His latest hour ? Not one dreaming tear ?
 Sleep on ; and when thy flattering slumber's past,
 Perchance thine eyes will learn to weep as fast.
 His death is plotted ; and this morning light
 Must send him down into eternal night ;
 Nay, what is worse then worst, his dying breath
 Will censure thee as Agent in his death.

By this the broad-fac'd Quirister of night
 Surceas'd her screeching note, and took her flight
 To the next neighboring Ivy : birds and beasts
 Forsake the warm protection of their nests,
 And nightly dens, whilst darkness did display
 Her sable curtains to let in the day ;
 When sad *Archiea*'s dream had unbenighted
 Her slumbring eies, her busie thoughts were fright
 She rose, and trembled ; and being half distraught
 With her prophetick fears she thus bethought.

 (ed
 Wt

What ails the Gods thus to disturb my rest,
 And make such earthquake's in my troubled rest?
 Nothing but deaths, and murk'ers? Graves and Bells,
 Frighting my fancy, with their baw'y knells?
 'Twas nothing but a dream; and dreams they say,
 Expound themselves the clear contrary way;
 The riddles read, and now I understand
 My dreams intents; Some marriage is at hand:
 For death interpreted, is nothing else
 But Marriage; and the melancholy Bells
 Is mirth and musick: By the grave, is read
 The joyful joyfu', joyful marriage bed.
 I, it is plain; and now methinks 'twas I
 That my prophetic dream foretold shou'd die.
 If this be death, Death exercise thy power,
 And let Athleia die within this hour:
 Do thy worst, Athleia's faithfull breath
 Shall pray for nothing more then suddain death.
 But stay, Athleia, the too forward day
 Begins to gild the East; away, away.

So having said, the nimble fingered Lais
 Took the forg'd Letter, and the amorous glass:
 And to her early progress she applies her;
 Departs, and towards *Argalus* she hies her;
 But every step she took, her mind enforc'd
 New thoughts, and with her self she thus discours'd:

How frail's the nature of a womans will!
 How cross! the thing that's most forbidden, still
 They more desire; and least inclin'd to do
 What they are most of all perswaded to:
 Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,
 Athleia ne'r had strug'led with her bands:
 I must not taste it! had she not enjoyn'd
 My lips from tasting it, Athleia's minde
 Had never thought on't; now methinks I long;
 Desires, if once confin'd, become too strong
 For womans conquer'd reason to resist:
 A womans reason's measur'd by her list:
 I long to taste, yet was there nothing did
 Move my desire, but that I was forbid.

With

With that she staid her weary steps, and hasted
 T'untie the glass; lift up her arm, and tasted,
 That done (and having now attain'd, almost,
 Her journeys end) the little time she lost,
 New speed regains: The nimble ground she traces
 With double hast and quick redoubled paces,
 And on a suddain she begins to faint.
 Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint:
 Her blistered tongue grows hot, her liver glows,
 Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,
 She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:
 Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.

Thus from her ruin *Argalus* derives
 His longer life, and by her death he lives;
 Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot
 Such morning draughts, to those that love thee not.
 Live long, and let the righteous powers above,
 That have preserv'd thee for *Parthenia's* love,
 Crown all thy hopes and fortunes with event
 Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.
 By this time did the lavish breath of Fame
 Give language to her Trumpet, and proclame
Ableia's death, the current of which news
 Truths warrant, had forbidden to abuse
 Deceived ears: which when the Lady heard,
 Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
 To entertain a murder, she arose
 And with rude violence desperately throws
 Her trembling body on the naked floor;
 But what she said, and did, I will deplore,
 Not utter; but with forced silence smother,
 Because she was the fair *Parthenia's* mother:
 May it suffice, that the extreams of shame,
 And unresisted sorrow overcame
 Her disappointed malice, less lamenting
 The treason, than success; and more repenting
 Of what she fail'd to do, then what she did,
 Her sullen soul despairs; her thoughts forbid
 What reason wants the power to perswade;
 And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade,

She

She sinks ; and with an hollow sigh she cri'd
Welcome thou easter of all evils, and di'd.

Now tongues begin to walk ; and every ear
Hath got the *Satyrasis* to hear
This Tragick Scene ; the breath of *Fame* grows bold,
Fears no repulse, and scorns to be control'd :
Whilst loud report, (whose tender lips, before,
Durst onely whisper, now begins to roar :)
The Letter found in dead *Athleiaes* brest,
Bew ay'd the plot, and what (before) was guest
Is now confirm'd and clear'd ; for all men knew
Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew ;

But have we lost *Parthenia* in what Isle
Offendless sorrow turks she all this while ?
Sweet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear
Thy heart dissolve, and melt into a tear :
Excuse my silence : if my lines should speak,
Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would break,
No leave her to her self it is not fit
To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit :
I leave this task to those, that take delight
To see poor Ladies tortur'd in despight
Of all remorse ; whose hearts are still at strife
To paint a torment to the very life :
I leave that task to such, as have the pow'r
To weep and smile again within an hour :
To those whose flinty hearts are more contented
To limn a grief, then pity the torment'd :
Let it suffice, that had not Heaven protect'd
Her *Argalus*, the joy whereof correct'd
That furious grief, which passion recommended
To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.
When time (the enemy of *Fame*) had clos'd
Her babling lips, and gently had compos'd
Partheniaes sorrows, raising from the ground
Her body spent with grief, and almost drown'd
In her own tears, a long expected Seasn
Of better fortune enters in, to drean
Her marish eyes : her stormy night of tears
Being past, a welcome day of joy appears

The

The rock's remov'd, and loves wide Ocean now
 Gives room enough ; looks with a milder brow.
 Reader, forget thy sorrows ; Let thine ear
 Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to hear :
 A lovers diet's sweet commixt with soure ;
 His Hel and Heaven ofttimes divide an hour ;

Now *Argalus* can finde a fair access
 To his *Parthenia* : now fears nothing less
 Then ears and eyes ; and now *Parthenia's* heart
 Can give her tongue the freedom to impart
 His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
 Can look her fill, and fear no standers by :
 She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her ;
 And he not *Argalus*, if not together ; (chat:
 Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles ; their tongue with
 Now, this they make their subject ; and now that :
 One while they laugh, and laughing, wrangle too,
 And jar as zealous lovers use to do.
 And then a kifs must make them friends again ;
 Faith, one's too little ; Lovers must have twain,
 Two brings in ten, ten multiplies to twenty,
 That, to a hundred : then because the plenty
 Grows troublesom to count, and does incumber
 Their lips, their lips gave kisses without number :
 Their thoughts run back to former times ; they told
 Of all loves passages they had of old,
 Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why ;
 The manner how, and who were present by :
 The mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspicion ;
 Her baited words, her marble disposition ;
 His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears ;
 His soliloquies, and her secret tears ;
 Where first they met, th' occasion of their meeting ;
 Their complement, the manner of their greeting ;
 His danger, his deliverance, and the reason
 That first induc'd the Agents to the treason.
 Thus by the priviledge of time and leisure (sure
 Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutual plea-
 Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,
 And after grumble at the envious night,

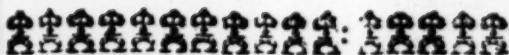
Which

Which bids them part too soon : what day deny'd
 In words, in thoughts, the tedious night supply'd,
 Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
 To make the day so short, the night so long.
 But now the little winged god repented
 That he had laugh'd so much, his heart relented,
 His very soul grew sad, his blinded eye
 Began to weep at his own tyranny ;
 Laments their sorrows, finds a secret way,
 To make the night as pleasing as the day ;
 Calls *Hymen* in, and in his ear discovers
 The lingring torments of these wounded Lovers ;
 Gives him a charge no longer to defer,
 To ingross their names within his Register.
 And now *Parthenia's* harvest draweth near ;
 The dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)
 Her joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sown :
 The time's appointed, and the day's set down,
 Wherein sweet *Hymen* with his Nuptial bands,
 Shall joyn together their espoused hands.
 Here stop my Muse : retire thy self and stay,
 To gather breath against the *Marriage-day*.

*Readers, the joyful Bride salutes ye all ;
 In her behalf, if any have let fall
 A tender tear, to those she makes request,
 That they'l be pleas'd to grace her Marriage Feast.*

Argalus

U
Fo
Up
Ch
Sai
To
Fo
Th
In
An
C
T
O,
A
No
Th
To
Th
To



Argalus and Parthenia.

The Second Book.

Sail gentle *Pinace* : Now the Heavens are clear,
The winds blow fair ; behold the Harbor's near,
Tridented *Nepstune* hath forgot to frown,
The Rocks are past ; the storm is overblown.

Up weather-beaten voyagers, and rouse ye,
For sake your loathed *Cabbins* ; up and lounge ye
Upon the open Decks, and smell the land.
Chear up, the welcome shore is nigh at hand.
Sail gentle *Pinace*, with a prosperous gale
To th' Ile of *Peace*. Sail, gentle *Pinace*, sail ;
Fortune conduct thee. Let thy Keel divide
The Silver streams, that thou maist safely slide
Into the bosome of thy quiet *Key*,
And quit thee fairly of th' injurious *Sea*.

Great *Sea-born Queen*, thy birth-right gives thee power
To assist poor *Suppliants* ; grant one happy hour.
O, let these wounded *Lovers* be possess'd,
At length, of their so long desired rest.

Now, now, the joyful marriage day draws on ;
The *Bride* is busie, and the *Bridegroom's* gone
To call his fellow *Princes* to the Feast
The *Garland's* made, the *Bridal Chamber's* drest ;
The *Muses* have consulted with the *Graces*,
To crown the day, and honor their embraces

With shadow'd *Epithalms* ; their warbling tongues
 Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* songs :
Hymen begins to grumble at delay ,
 And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day ;
 The Virgin-tapers, and what other rights
 Do appertain to *Nuptial* delights,
 Are all prepar'd, whereby may be exprest
 The joyful triumph of this marriage Feast.

But stay ! Who lends me now an Iron Pen,
 T'engrave within the Marble hearts of men
 A Tragick Scene ; which whoso'er shall read,
 His eyes may spare to weep, and learn to bleed
 Carnatian tears, if time shall not allow
 His death-prevented eyes to weep enow,
 Then let his dying language recommend
 What's left to his posterity to end.

*Thou saddest of all Muses, come, afford
 Thy studious help, that each confounding word
 May rend a heart (at least) that every line
 May pickle up a Kingdom in the brine
 Of her own tears : O teach me how t' extract
 The spirit of grief, whose virtue may distract
 Those Breasts, which sorrow knows not how to kill ;
 Inspire, O inspire my melting Quill ;
 And like sad Niobe, let every one
 That cannot melt, be turn'd into a stone :
 Teach me to paint an oft-repeated sigh
 So to the life, that whoso'er be nigh,
 May hear it breath, and learn to do the like
 By imitation, till true passion strike
 Their bleeding hearts : Let such as shall rehearse
 This story, haue like Irish at a hearse.*

Th'event still crowns the act : Let no man say,
 Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day.

For when the *Kalends* of this bridal Feast
 Were entred in, and every longing Brest
 Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
 (Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
 Were grown impatient now, to be suffic'd
 With that, which *Art* and *Honor* had devis'd

T'adorn

T' adorn the times withal, and to display
Their bounty, and the glory of that day ;
The rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion
To bless her busie thoughts, with contemplation
Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay
Made minutes seem as days, and every day
A measur'd age : Into her secret bower
Betook her weary steps, where every hour
Her greedy ears expect to hear the sum
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.
She hopes, she fears at once ; and still she muses
What makes him stay so long ; she chides, excuses.
She questions, answers, and she makes reply
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by.
*Why com'st thou not ? Can Argalus forget
His languishing Parthenia ? What not yet ?*
But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
Which seem'd, as if it were the whisp'ring voice
Of close conspiracy : She began to fear
She knew not what, till her deceived ear
(Instructed by her hopes) had singled out
The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout ;
Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare
By stealth to seize upon her unaware ;
She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not :
Like as young Doves, (which ne'r had yet forsaken
The warm protection of their nest, or taken
Upon themselves, a self-providing care,
To shift for food, but with paternal fare
Grow fat and plump) think every noise they hear,
Their full cropt parents are at hand to chear
Their craving stomachs, whilst th' impatient fift
Of the false Cater, rising where it list,
In every hole, surprises them, and sheds
Their guiltless blood, and parts their gasping heads
From their vain struggling bodies ; so even so,
Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia* (that did ow
Too much to her own hopes) the whilst her eyes
Were set to welcome the unvalued prize

Of all her joys, her dearest *Argalus*,
 Stept in *Demagoras*, and salutes her thus,
Base trull, Demagoras comes to let thee see,
How much he scorns thy painted face and thee :
Foul Sorceress ! could thy prosperous actions think
To scape revenge, because the gods did wink
At thy designs ? Think'st thou thy Mothers blood
Cries in a language not to be understood ?
Hadst thou no closer stratagem, to further
Thy pamper'd lust, but by the savage murder
Of thine own aged parent, whose sad death
Must give a freedom to the whisp'ring breath
Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer ? Who (they say)
Will cloak thy Whoredom with a marriage day.
Nay struggle not, heres none that can relieve
Such pained beasts ; it is in vain to strive,
Or roar for help ; Why dost not rather weep
That I may laugh ? Perchance if thou wilt creep
Upon thy wanton belly and confess
Thy self a true repentant Murtheress,
My sinful Page may play the fool, and gather
Thy early fruit into his barn, and father
The new got Cyprian bastard, if that he
Be half so wise, that go: it, but to flee.
Hah ! dost thou weep ? or do false mists but mock
Abused eyes ? from so obdure a rock
Can water flow ? Weeping will make thee fair ;
Weep till thy marriage day ; that who repair
To grace thy feast, may fall a weeping too,
And in a mirror, see what tears can do.
Vile Strumpet ! Did thy flattering thoughts ere wrong
Thy judgement so ; to think Demagoras tongue
Could so defile his honor, as to sue
For serious love ? so base a thing as you
(Methinks) should rather fix your wanton eyes
Upon some easie groom, that hopes to rise
Into his Masters favor for your sake.
I, this had been preferment, like to make
A hopeful fortune ! thou presumptuous trash !
What was my courtship, but the minutes dash

Of youthful passion to allay the dust
Of my desires, and exuberant lust?
I scorn thee to the Soul, and here I stand
Bound for revenge, whereto I set my hand.

With that, he grip'd her rudely by the fair
And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hair:
And, by it, drag'd her on the dusty floor:
He stopt her mouth, for fear she should implore
An aid from Heaven: she swooning in the place
His salvage hands besmear'd her lifeless face
With horrid poyson; thinking she was dead,
He left her breathless, and away he fled.

Come, come ye Furies, you malignant spirits,
Infernal Harpies, or what else, inherit
The Land of darkness; you that still converse
With damned Souls; you, you that can rehearse
The horrid facts of Villains, and can tell
How every Hell-bound looks, that roars in Hell,
Survey them all; and then, inform my Pen,
To draw in one, the Monster of all men:
Teach me to limbe a Villain, and to paint
With dextrous art, the basest Sympbant
That ere the mouth of insolent disdain
Vouchsaf'd to spit upon; the putrid b'ain
Of all diseased humors, fit for none
But dogs to lift their hasty legs upon:
So clear mens eyes, that whoso'er shall see
The type of baseness, may cry, This is he:
Let his reproach be a perpetual blot
In honors book: Let his remembrance rot
In all good mindes: Let none but Villains call
His bug-bear name to memory, wherewithal
To fright their baulings bastards: Let no spell
Be found more potent, to prevail in Hell,
Than the nine Letters of his Charm like name:
Which, let our bashful Chris-cross row disclaim
To the worlds end, not worthy to be set
In any but the Jewish Alphabet.

But hark! am I deceiv'd; or do I hear
The voice of *Argalus* sounding in mine ear?

He calls *Parthenia* : No, that tongue can be
 No counterfeit ; he's come, 'tis he, 'tis he.
 Welcome too late, thou art now come too soon :
 Hadst thou been here, this deed had ne'r been done.
 Alas ! when lovers linger, and out go
 Their promis'd date, they know not what they do.
 Men fondly say, that women are too fond
 At parting ; to require so strict a bond
 For quick return : Poor souls ! 'tis they indure
 Oft times the danger of the forfeiture.
 I blame them not ; for mischief still attends
 Upon the too long absence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks about
 In every room to finde *Parthenia* out :
 He asks, inquires, but all lips are sparing
 To be the authors of ill news, not daring
 To speak the truth ; they all amazed stand :
 And now my Lord's as fearful to demand ;
 Dares not enquire her health, lest his sad ear
 Should hear such words as he's afraid to hear :
 All lips are bolted with a linnen bar,
 And every eye does, like a blazing star,
 Portend some evil ; no language findes a leak ;
 The less they speak, the more he fears to speak,
 Faces grow sad, and every private ear
 Is turn'd a *Closet* for the whisperer :
 He walks the room ; and like an unknown stranger,
 They eye him ; from each eye, he picks a danger,
 At last his lips not daring t'importune
 What none dare tell him, unexpected Fortune
 Leads his rash steps into a dark'ned room,
 A place more black than night ; no sooner come,
 But he was welcom'd with a sigh as deep,
 As a spent heart can give, he heard one weep,
 And by the noise of groans and sobs was led
 (Having no other guide) to the sad bed,
 Who is't (said he) that cal's untimely night
 To hide those griefs that thus abjure the light ?
 With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
 She pass a sigh, and said, O ask not who.

*Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd rep'n
To your demand! Alas, it is not I!)*

*Not I (said he,) what language do I hear?
Darkness may stop mine eye, but not mine ear:
It is my dear Parthenia's voice, ah me!
And can Parthenia, not Parthenia be?
What means this word, (Alas! it is not I)
What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny
Thy self? or what can Argalus then claim,
If his Parthenia be not the same
She was? Alas, it seems to me all one
To say, Thou art not hers, that's not her own.
Can Hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and flie
Like wandring Atoms in the empty skie?
Or can the Heavens (grown idle) not fulfil
Their certain revolutions, but stand still,
And leave their constant motion for the wind
To inherit? Can Parthenia change her minde?
Heav'n sooner shall stand still, and Earth remove,
Ere my Parthenia falsifie her love:
Unfold thy Riddle then, and tell me why
Those lips should say, (Alas! it is not I)*

*Whereto she thus reply'd, O do not thou
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t' allow,
That curst name a room within thy Brest,
Let not so foul a prod'gy be blest
With thy lost breath: Let it be held a sin,
Too great for pardon, ere to name't agen.
Let da'kness hide it in eternal night:
May it be clad with horror to affright
A diss'rate Conscience: He that knows not how
To mouth a curse, O let him practise now
Upon this name: Let him that would contract
The body of all mischief, or extract
The quint'essence of a sorrow, onely claim
A secret priviledge to use that name.
Far be it from thy Language, to commit
So foul a sin, as once to mention it.
Live happy Arg'us; do not thou partake
In these my miseries: O forbear to make*

My burden greater, by thy tender sorrow :
 Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow
 Thy needless help. O be thou not so cruel,
 To feed my flaming fires with thy fuel :
 Why dost thou sigh ? O wherefore should thy heart
 Usurp my Stage, and all Parthenias part ?
 It is my proper task : What dost thou mean,
 Without my Licence, to intrude my Scene ?
 Alas ! thy sorrows ease not my distress ;
 God knows I weep not one poor tear the less :
 My Parent's sign'd and past, whereby appears
 That I have got the Monopoly of tears.
 In me let each mans torment finde an end ;
 I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend :
 Let all spent mourners, that can weep no more,
 Take tears on trust, and set them on my score.
 And as she spake that word, his heart not able
 To hear a language so unsufferable,
 But being swoln so big, must either break,
 Or vent ; his conquer'd Reason grew too weak
 T' oppose his quickned Passion (like a man
 Transported from himself) he thus began.

Accursed Darknes ! Thou sad type of death !
 Infernal Hag, whose dwelling is beneath !
 What means thy boldness to usurp this room,
 And force a night, before the night be come :
 Get, get thee down, and keep within thy lists ;
 Go revel there ; and hurl thy hideous mists
 Before those curs'd eyes, that take delight
 In utter darkness, and abhor the light ;
 Return thee to thy Dungeon, whence thou came,
 And hide those faces, whose infernal flame
 Calls for more darkness and whose tortur'd souls
 Crave the protection of thy obscurest holes,
 To scape some lasber, and avoid thyse strict
 And horrid plagues, the Furies do inflict :
 But if thou needs must ramble here, above ;
 Go to some other Climate, and remove
 Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,
 That hate thy tyranny : Go exercise.

Thy

*Thy power in Groves, and solitary Springs,
Where Bats are subjects, and where Owls are Kings :
Go to the Graves, and fill those empty rooms,
That such as slumber in their silent tombs
May bless their welcome shades, and lie possess'd
Of undisturbed and eternal rest :
Or if thy more ambitious fogs desire
To haunt the living, haste thee, and retire
Into some Cloyster, and there stand between
The light and those, that fain would sin, unseen ;
Assist them there ; and let thy ugly shapes
Cunt'nance close treasons, and incestuous rapes :
Benight those rooms ; and aid all such as fear
The eye of Heaven : Go, close thy Curtains there,
We need thee not, (foul Witch) away, away ;
Thou bid'st more beauty than the noon of day
Can give : O thou, that hast so rudely hurl'd
On this dark Bed the Glory of the world.*

So sad, abruptly he the room departs,
His Cheeks look pale, his curled Hair upstarts
Like Quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quick flames like the flames of lightning flie ;
He calls for light ; the light's no sooner come,
But his own hand conveys it to the room
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He blest himself ; he blest himself again,
Thrice did he bless himself, and after said,
*Foul Witch be gone, and let thy dismal shade,
Forsake this place : Let thy dark fogs, by
Great Vulcans charge ; in Vulcans name, away :
Or if thy stout rebellion shall disclaim
His sovereignty, in my Partheniaes name
I charm thee hence.* And as that word flew out,
He stept to that sad Bed, where round about,
Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkness did
Command that such a Jewel should be hid :
His left hand held the Taper, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to absolve the light :
Which done, appear'd before his wondring eye
The truest portrait of deformity,

As ere the Sun beheld ; that lovely face
 That was of late the Model of all Grace
 And Peerless Beauty, whose imperious eyes
 Ravish'd where ere they look'd, and did surprisè
 The very souls of men ; she, she, of whom
 Nature her self was proud, is now become
 So loath'd an object, so deform'd, disguis'd,
 As darkness, for mans sake, was wel advis'd
 To cloath in Mists, lest any were incited
 To see that face, and so depart affrighted.
 All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
 It was no dream, he fell upon the ground,
 And rav'd, and rose again, stood still, and gaz'd :
 At first he startled, then he stood amaz'd :
 Looks now upon the light, and now on her,
 One while his tired fancy does refer
 His thoughts to silence ; as his thoughts increase,
 His passion strives for vent, and breaks that peace
 Which conquer'd Reason had of late conculed,
 And thus began : *Are these false eyes deluded ?
 Or have enchanted Mists slept in between
 My abused eyes, and what my eyes have seen ?
 No, mischief cannot att so fair a part,
 T'affright in jest ; it goes beyond the art
 Of all black Books, to mask with such disguise
 So sweet a face ? I know that these are eyes,
 And this a light. False Mists could never be
 Betwixt my poor Parthenia and me.*

*Accursed Vapor ! What infernal spright
 Breath'd in thy face ? What fury gave thee light ?
 Thou Imp of Phlegeton ; who let thee in
 To force a day before the day begin ?
 Who brought thee hither ? I ? Did I ? From whom,
 What lean-chapt fury did I snatch thee from ?
 When as this cursed hand did go about
 To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out ?
 Be all such Tapers cursed for thy sake ;
 Ne'r shine, but at some Vigil, or sad Wake ?
 Be never seen, but when as sorrow calls
 Thy needful help to nightly Funerals.*

Be as a May-game for th' amazed Bat
To sport about ; and Owls to wonder at :
Still haunt the Chancels at a mid-night knell,
To fright the Sexton from his Passing bell.
Give light to none but treasons, and be hid
In their dark Lanthorns : Let all mirth forbid
Thy treacherous flames the room ; and if that none,
Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone.

Attend some Misers table, and then waste
Too soon, that he may curse thee for thy haste ;
Burn dim for ever : Let that flatt'ring light
Thou feed'st, consume thy stock ; be banish'd quite
From Cupids Court ; when lovers go about
Their stollen pleasures, let your flames go out :
Henceforth be useful to no other end,
But onely to burn day light, or attend
The midnight cups of such as shall resign
With usury their undigested wine.

Why dost thou burn so cleer ? Alas ! these eyes
Discern too much ; thy wanton blaze doth rise
Too high a pitch ; thou burnst too bright for such
As see no comfort : O thou spin'st too much ;
Why dost thou vex me ? Is thy flame so stout
To endure my breath ? this breath shall puff thee out :
Thus, thus my joys are quite extinguish'd, never
To be reviv'd : thus gone, thus gone for ever.

With that, transported with a furious haste,
He blew it out ; but mark that very blast
(As if it meant on purpose, to disclaim
His desp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th' extinguish'd flame.
He stands amaz'd ; and having mus'd a while,
Beholds the Tapor, and begins to smile.

And can the Gods themselves (said he) contrive
A way for hope ? Can my past joys revive,
Like this rekindled fire ? if they do,
I'll curse my lips (bright Lamp) for cursing you.
Eternal Fates ! deal fairly, daily not ;
If your hid bounties have reserv'd a lot
Beyond my wained hope, be it express'd
In open view ; make haste, and do your best :

But if your Justice be determin'd so
To exercise your vengeance on my woe,
Strengthen not what at length you mean to burst;
Strike home beimes; dispatch and do your worst:
That burthen is too great for him to bear,
That's evenly poised betwixt hope and fear.

And there he stopt; as fearing to molest
The silent peace of her dissembled rest.
He gaz'd upon her; stood as in a trance:
Sometimes her lifeless hand he would advance
To his sad lips; then steal it down agen:
Sometimes, a tear would fall upon't, and then
A sigh must dry it; every kiss did bear
A sigh, and every sigh begat a tear:
He kist, he sigh'd, he wept, and for a space,
He fixt his eye, upon her wounded face,
And in a whispering language, he disburs'd
His various thoughts; thus, with himself discours'd.

And were the Sun-beams of those eyes too fierce
For mortal view? Or did those fires disperse
Flames too consuming for th' amaz'd beholder?
Or did thy youth make treason e'er the bolder
To stain that brow; and by a midnight theft,
To steal more beauty than the day had left?

Or did that blinde, that childish God discern
A kinde of twilight from that heavenly eye.
Which, overbright, he sought to make more dim
By blurring that, which else had blasted him?

Or did the Sea-born Goddess Queen repine
To see her Star out-shone so much by thine;
And fill'd with rage, and envious despight,
Sent down a cloud to eclipse so fair a light?

Or did the wiser Deities foresee
This likely danger; that when men should see
So bright a Lamp; fearing they should commit
Such sweet idolatry, benighted is?

Or did the too too careful Gods conspire
A good for man, transcending mans desire,
And knowing such an eye too bright for any,
Gave it a wound, lest it should wound too many?

If so they meant, they might have been more kinde
To save that beauty, and have struck us blinde.

Before the sound of his last breath was gone
(Her speech being marshal'd with a powerful groan
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
Of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue
Went forth these words: *Thus fleet, thus transitory
Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,
Poor Earth can give; nor wealth, nor blood, nor beauty,
Can quit the debt, that necessary duty
They owe to Change and Time; but like a flower,
They flourish now, and fade with him an hour:
The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing stays
At the same point, all alters, all decays:
The world is like a Play, where every age
Concludes her Scene, and so departs the stage;
And when Times hasty hour-glass is run,
Change strikes the Epilogue, and all the play is done.
Who acts the King to day, by chance of lot,
Perchance to morrow begs, and blushes not;
Whose beauty was ador'd o'r night, next morning
May finde a face, like mine, not worth the scorning;
Look where we list, there's nothing to the eye
Seems truly constant, but Inconstancy.*

Most dear Parthenia, (*Argalus repli'd*)
Had thy deceived eye but slept aside,
And look'd upon thy Argalus his brest,
I know, I know, thy Language had profess'd
Another Faith; thy lips had ne'r let slip,
At unawares, so great an Heresie:
'Tis not the change of favor, that can change
My heart; nor Time, nor Fortune can estrange
My best affections, so for ever fixt
On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt
My soul and thine: If I had lov'd thy face,
Thy face alone; my fancy had given place,
Ere this, to fresh desires, and attended
Upon new fortunes; and the old had ended.
If I had lov'd thee, for thy heavenly eye,
I might have courted the bright Majesty

Of Titan ; if thy curious lips had snar'd
 My sick'ning thoughts, I might have soon prepar'd
 A blushing Corral, or some fullripe Cherry,
 And pleas'd my lips, until my lips were weary ;
 Or if the smoothness of thy whiter brow
 Had charin'd mine eyes, and made my fancy vow
 To outward objects, polish'd Marble might
 Have given as much content, as much delight :
 In brief, had Argalus his flatter'd eye
 Been pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,
 Thy curious picture might have then suppli'd
 My wants, more full, than all the world beside :
 No, no ; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
 Nor any outward ex'lence urg'd me why
 To love Parthenia ; 'twas thy better part,
 (Which mischief could not wrong) surpriz'd my heart.
 Thy beauty was but like a Chrystal case,
 Through which, the Jewel of admired grace
 Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make
 Me love the Casket for the Jewels sake :
 No, no, my well advis'd eye pierc'd in
 Beyond the film ; sunk deeper than the skin ;
 Else had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty
 I owe my vows, had faded with thy beauty :
 Nay, weep not my Parthenia ; let those tears
 Ne'er wail that loss, which a few after years
 Had claim'd as due ; cheer up, thou hast forsaken
 But that, which sickness would (perchance) have taken
 With greater disadvantage ; or else age,
 That common evil, which art cannot assuage ;
 Beauty's but bare opinion : White and Red
 Have no more privilege, than what is bred
 By humane fancy, which was ne'er confin'd
 To certain bounds, but varies like the wind.
 What one man likes, another disrespects ;
 And what a third most hates, a fourth affects.
 The Negro's eye thinks black beyond compare,
 And what would fright us most, they count most fair :
 If then opinion be the touch, whereby
 All beauties try'd ; Parthenia in my eye,

Cu: shines fair Helen, or who else she be,
That is more rich in beauties weal than she.
Chear up; the sovereignty of thy worth enfranches
Thy captive beauty; and thy virtue blanches
These stains of fortune. Come it matters not
What others think; A Letter's but a blot
To such as cannot read; but who have skill,
Can know the fair Impression of a Quill
From gross and heedless blurs; and such can think
No Paper foul, that's fairly writ with Ink.
What others hold a blemish in thy face,
My skilful eyes read Characters of Grace.
What kinders then but that without delay,
Triumph may celebrate our Nuptial day?
She that hath onely vertue to her guide,
Though wanting beauty, is the fairest Bride.

A Bride? (said she) such Brides as I can have
No fitter Bridal-chamber than a grave;
Death is my Bridegroom; and to welcome Death,
My loyal heart shall plight a second faith;
And when that day shall come, that joyful day
Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay
The heat of all my sorrows, and conjoyn
My pale-fac'd Bridegrooms lingring band with mine,
These Ceremonies and these Triumphs shall
Attend the day to grace that day withall.

Time with his empty hour-glass shall lead
The triumph on, his winged hoof shall tread
Slow paces; after him there shall ensue
The chaste Diana with her Virgin crew,
All crown'd with Cypress Garlands; after whom
In ranke th'impartial Destinies sha'l come.
Then in a sable Chariot faintly drawn
With harness Virgins vail'd with purest Lawn,
The Bride shall sit; Despair and Grief shall stand
Like heartless Bridemaids upon either hand;
Upon the Chariot top, there shall be plac'd
The little winged God with arm unbrac'd,
And bow unbent; his drooping Wings must hide
His naked knees, his Quiver by his side.

Must be unarm'd, and either hand must hold
 A Banner, where with Characters of Gold
 Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
 To read that runs) Faith, Love, and Constancy.
 Next after, Hope, in a discoloured weed,
 Shall sadly march alone : A slender Reed
 Shall guide her feeble steps, and in her hand
 A broken Anchor all besmear'd with sand.
 And after all, the Bridegroom shall appear
 Like Joves Lieutenant, and bring up the rear,
 He shall be mounted on a Coal black Steed,
 His hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall bleed
 A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
 Which Cupids Javelin enter'd, shall be found.
 When as these Triumphs shall adorn our Feast,
 Let Argalus be my invited Guest,
 And let him bid me nuptial Joy : from whom
 I once expected all my joys should come.

With that, as if his count'nance had thought good
 To wear deaths colours ; or as if his blood
 Had been emloyed to condole the smart
 And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
 He thus bespake : Unhappiest of all men,
 Why do I live ? is Death my Rival then ?
 Unequal chance ! Had it been flesh and blood,
 I could have grappled, and (perchance) withstood
 Some stout encounters : Had an armed host
 Of mortal Rivals ventur'd to have crost
 My best desires ; my Partheniaes eye
 Had given me power to make that army flie,
 Like frighted Lambs before the Wolf ; but thou,
 Before whose presence all must stoop and bow
 Their servile necks, what weapon shall I hold
 Against thy hand that will not be controul'd ?
 Great enemy : whose Kingdom's in the dust,
 And dark some Caves : I know that thou art just ;
 Else had the Gods ne'r trusted to thy hand
 So great a priviledge, so large command
 And Jurisdiction o'er the lives of men,
 To kill, and save even whom they please, and when :

O, suffer not Parthenia's tempting tears
 To move thy heart ; let thy hard-hearted ears
 Be deaf to all her sures : If she profess
 Affection to thee, believe nothing less.
 She's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymens bands
 Have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands :
 Where plighted faith, and Sacro-sanctious vow
 Hath given possession, dispossess not thou.
 Be just, and though her briny lips bewail
 Her grief with tears, let not those tears prevail.
 Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not dis-joyn ;
 I am Parthenia's, and Parthenia's mine :
 Alas ! We are but one ; then thou must either
 Refuse us both ; or else take both together.

My dear Parthenia, let no cloudy passion
 Of dull despair molest thee ; or unfashion
 Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled minde
 Euer forgetful, or thy self unkinde :
 Starve not my pining hopes with longer stay ;
 My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay ;
 It hovers up and down, and cannot rest ;
 Unill it light, and perch upon thy breast.
 Torment not him, within these lingring fives,
 That's rackt already on his own desires.
 Seal and deliver as thy deed, that band,
 Whereto thy promis'd faith hath set her hands
 And what our plighted hearts and mutual vow
 Have so long since begun, O finish now ;
 That our imperfect, and half-pleasures may
 Receive perfection by a marriage day.

Whereto, she thus : Had the pleas'd Gods above
 Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Jove
 To bless at large : Had all the powers of Heaven
 (To boast the utmost of their bounty) given
 As great addition to my slender fortune
 As they could give, or covetous minde importune,
 Vow to Heaven and all those heavenly powers,
 They should no sooner been made mine, but yours :
 Say had my fortunes staid but at the rate
 They were ; had I remained in that state

*I was ; although (at best unworthy far
Of such a Peerless blessing as you are)
My dear acceptance shou'd have fill'd my heart
As full of joys, as now it is of smart ;*

*But as I am, let angry Jove then vent
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent :
And when I roar, let Heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus to such a Bride.
Live happy Argalus, let thy soul receive
What blessings poor Parthenia cannot have :
Live happy ; may thy joys be never done,
But let one blessing draw another on.
O may thy better Angel watch and ward
Thy Soul ; and pitch an everlasting guard
About the Portals of thy tender heart,
And storr down blessings where so'er thou art.
Let all thy joys be as the moneth of May,
And all thy days be as a marriage day :
Let sorrow, sickness, and a troubled minde
Be strangers to thee ; let them never finde
Thy heart at home ; let fortune still allot
Such lawless guests to those that love thee not ;
And let those blessings, which shall wanting be
To such as merit none, alight on thee.*

*That mutual Faith, betwixt us that of late
Hath past, I give thee freedom to translate
Upon the merits of some siter spouse ;
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows.
I call the gods to witness, nothing shall
More bless my Soul, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, than to see
My Argalus, (what ere become of me)
So link'd in wedlock, as shall most augment
His greater honor, and his true content.*

*With that, a sudden and tempestuous tide
Of tears overwhelm'd her language, and deny'd
A passage ; but when passions flood was spent,
She thus proceeds: You Gods, if you are bent
To all my Tragedy, why do you wrong
Our patience so, to make the play so long?*

Your Scenes are tedious ; 'Gainst the rules of art,
 You dwell too long, too long upon one part.
 Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,
 One simple Maid amongst so many Gods,
 And not be conquer'd yet ? Conjoyn your might,
 And send her Soul into eternal night,
 That lives too long a day : I'll not resist ;
 Provided you strike home; strike where ye list.
 Accurs'd be that Day, wherein these eyes
 First saw the light : let desp'rate souls devise
 A curse sufficient for it : Let the Sun
 Ne'r shine upon it ; and what er's begun
 Upon that fatal day, let Heaven forbid it
 Success ; if not t'ensnare the hand that did it.
 Why was I born ? Or, being born, O why
 Did not my sonder Nurses Lullaby
 (Even whilst my Lips were hanging on her Brest)
 Sing her poor Babe to everlasting rest ?
 O then my Infant-soul had never known
 This world of grief, beneath whose weight I groan :
 No, no, it had not ; he that dies in's prime,
 Spends a long business in a little time.

But *Argalus* (whose more extream desire,
 Unapt to yield, like water-sprinkled fire,
 Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
 Gave thus an on-set to a further trial :

Life of my Soul ; by whom, next Heaven, I breath :
 Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death :
 How can thy wishes ease my grief, or stand
 My misery in stead, when as thy hand,
 And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
 Relif, and yet refuses to relieve me ?
 strange kind of Charity, when being afflicted,
 I finde best wishes, yet am interdicted
 Of these best wishes and must be remov'd
 From loves enjoyment ; Why ? Because belov'd.
 Alas ! alas ! How can my wishes be
 A blessing to me, if unblest in thee ?
 Thy Beauty's gone, (thou sayest) why, let it go ;
 He loves but ill, that loves but for a show ;

Tby

Thy beauty is supp'd in my affection,
 That never yet was slave to a complexion:
 Shall every day, wherein the Earth does lack
 The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?
 Or shall thy over-curious steps forbear
 A garden 'cause there be no Roses there?
 Or shall the Sun set of Partheniaes beauty
 Enforce my judgment to neglect that duty
 The which my best advis'd affection owes
 Her sacred vertue, and my solemn vows?
 No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate
 To make Parthenia too unfortunate
 For Argalus to love.

It is as easie for Partheniaes heart
 To prove less vertuous, as for me to start
 From my firm faith; the flame that honors breath
 Hath blown, nothing hath power to quench, but death;
 Thou gav'st me leave to chuse a fitter Spouse,
 And freedom to recal, to quit those vows
 I took; who gave thee Licence to dispence
 With such false tongues, as offer violence
 To plighted faith? Alas! thou canst not free
 Thy self, much less hadst power to licence me.
 Vows can admit no change, they still persevere
 Against all chance; they binde, they binde for ever:
 A vow is a holy thing, no common breath:
 The limits of a vow is Heaven and Death:
 A vow that's past, is like a Bird that's flown
 From out the hand, can be recall'd by none;
 It lies not, like a time-beguiling Jest,
 As soon as venied; lives not in thy Brest,
 When uttered once, but is a sacred Word
 Straight entred in the strict and close Record
 Of Heaven; it is not like a Juglers knot,
 Or fast or loose, as pleases us or not.
 Since then thy vows can finde no dispensation,
 And may not be recal'd, recall thy passion;
 Perform, perform, what now it is too late
 To unwise again, too soon to violate:

Seek

Seek not to quit, what Heaven denies to free ;
Perform thy vows to Heaven, thy vows to me.

Thrice dearer then my Soul, (she thus reply'd,)
Had my own pampered fancy been the guide
To my affection, I had condescended
Ere this, to your request, which had befriended
My best desires too. I lov'd not thee
For my own pleasure in that base degree,
As gluttons do their diet, who dispense
With unwash'd hands, (lest they should give offence
To their grip'd stomachs, when a minutes stay
Will make them curse occasion all the day)
I lov'd not so ; my first desires did spring
From thy own worth, and as a sacred thing
I always view'd thee, whom my zeal commands
Me not prophane with these defiled hands.
'Tis true, performance is a debt we owe
To Vows, and nothing's dearer than a vow ;
Yet when the gods do ravish from our hand,
The means to keep it, 'tis a countermand.
He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,
At Juno's Altar's bound, and must obey :
But if (being under vow) the gods do please
To strike him with a leperous disease,
Or scul infection ; which is better now,
Prophane the Altar, or to break the vow ?
The case is mine ; where then the gods dispence,
We may be bold, yet tender no offence.
Admit it were an evil ; 'tis our best,
Of necessary ills to chuse the least.
The gods are good ; the strict recognisance
Of vows, is only taken to advance
The good of man ; now if that good prove ill,
We may refuse, our vow's intire still.
I vow a marriage, why because I do
Entirely affix that man my Vows are to ;
But if some scul disease should interpose
Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vows,
The strict performance of those vows must prove,
I wrong, and therefore love not, whom I love.

Then

*Then urge no more : Let my denial be
A pledg sufficient 'twixt my love and thee.*

So ended she : But vehement desire
(That can be quencht with No, no more than fire
With oyl ; and can submit to no condition)
Lends him new breath : Love makes a Rhetorician ;
He speaks ; she answers : He afresh replies ;
He stoutly sues ; as stoutly she denies ;
He begs in vain ; and she denies in vain :
For she denies again ; he begs again,
At last, both weary, he his suit adjourns ;
For lovers days are good, and bad by turns.
He bids farewell ; as if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together.
She bids farewell ; and yet she bids it so,
As if her farewell ended, if he go ;
He bids farewell ; but so, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewells to his stay.
She bids farewell ; but holds his hand so fast,
As if that farewell had not been the last.
Both sigh'd ; both wept and both being heavy-hearted
She bids farewell, he bids farewell, and parted :
So parted they : Now *Argalus* is gone ;
And now *Parthenia's* weeping all alone,
And like the widow'd Turtle she bewails
The absence of her Mate : Passion prevails
Above her strength : Now her poor heart can tell
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven ; and what's Hell
By her own torments ; Sorrow now does play
The tyrants part, affection must obey ;
And like a Weather-cock her various mind
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blast of wind.
In desp'rate language she deplores her state ;
She fain would wish, but then she knows not what :
Resolves of this, of that, and then on neither,
She fain would flee ; but then she knows not whither :
At length (consulting with the heartless pair
Of ill advisers, Sorrow, and Despair)
Resolves, to take th' advantage of that night,
To steal away, and seek for death by flight .

A Pilgrims weed her liveless Limbs addrest
From head to foot : A shong of Leather blest
Her wasted Loyns ; her feeble feet were shod
With Sandals : In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th'illustrious Sovereign of the day
Had now begun his circuit, to survey
His lower Kingdom, having newly lent
The upper world to *Cynbians* government,
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t' attend
The progress now, which onely death can end.

Go hapless Virgin ! Fortune be thy guide,
And thine own virtues ; and what else beside,
That may be prosp'rous ; may thy merits finde
More happiness, than thy distressed minde
Can hope : Live, and to after ages prove
The great example of true *Faith* and *Love* :
Gone, gone she is ; but whither she is gone,
The gods, and fortune can resolve alone :
Pardon my Quill, that is inforc'd to stray
From a poor Lady, in an unknown way.

To number forth her weary steps, or tell
Those obvious dangers, that so oft beset
Our poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miseries on the open stage ;
Her broken slumbers, her distracted care,
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare ;
Her daily perils, and her nightly scapes
From ravenous Beasts, and from attempted rapes,
Is not my task ; who care not to incite,
My Readers passion to an appetite.

We leave *Parthenia* now ; and our discourse
Must cast an eye, and bend her settled course
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To visit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
Perceived she was fled, not knowing whither ;
He makes no stay : Consults not with the weather,
Stays not to think, but claps his hasty knees
To his fleet Courser, and away he flies :
His haste enquires no way, (he needs not fear
To lose the road, that goes he knows not where :)

One while he pricks upon the fruitful plains ;
 And now he gently flacks his prouder reins,
 And climbs the barren Hills ; with fresh careers
 He tries the right-hand way ; and then he veres
 His course upon the left One while he likes
 This path, when by and by his fancy strikes
 Upon another track. Sometimes he roves
 Among the Springs and solitary Groves,
 Where, on the tender barks of sundry Trees,
 H' engraves *Parthenia's* name with his ; then flees
 To the wilde Champian ; his proud Steed removes
 The hopeful fallows with his horned hoves :
 He baulks no way, rides over Rock and Mountain,
 When led by Fortune to *Diana's* Fountain,
 He straight dismounts his Steed, begins to quench
 His thirsty lips ; and after that, to drench
 His fainting limbs, in that sweet stream, wherein
Parthenia's dainty fingers oft had been.
 The Fountain was upon a steep descent,
 Whose gliding current nature gave a vent
 Through a firm Rock, which Art (to make it known
 To after-ages) wall'd and roof'd with stone.
 Above the Chrystal Fountains head was plac'd
Dianes Image (though of late defac'd)
 Beneath, a Rocky Cistern did retain
 The water, sliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,
 Whose curious Current the Worlds greater eye
 Ne'r view'd, but in his mid-day Majesty :
 It was that Fountain, where in elder times
 Poor *Coridon* compos'd his rural rimes,
 And left them closely hid for his unkinde,
 And marble-hearted *Phyllida* to finde.
 All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
 Redeems his loss of time with a new speed :
 And with a fresh supply, his strength renues
 His progress, God knows whither : He pursues
 His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
 And (with a minde as doubtful as the way)
 He journies on ; he left no course unthought ;
 No traveller unask'd ; no place unsought ;

To make a Journal of each circumstance ;
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
Beset his tedious travel ; to relate
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that :
His rare achievements, and their fair success,
His noble courage, in extream distress ;
His desperate dangers, his deliverance :
His high esteem with men, which did inance
His meanest actions to the throne of *Jove* :
And what he suffered for *Parthenia's* love,
Would make our volumn endless, apt to try
The utmost patience of a studious eye :
All which, the bounty of a free conceit
May sooner reach to, then my pen relate.
But till bright *Cynthia's* head had three times thrice
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes
Of gazing Mortals with her globe of light,
This restless Lover ceas'd not, day and night
To wander in a solitary quest
For her, whose love had taught him to digest
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joys.
But follies (weigh'd with her) at least but toys.

It happened now, that twice six moneths had run,
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun
His toilsom progress ; who in vain, had spent
A year of hours, and yet no event,
When fortune brought him to a goodly seat,
(Wall'd round about with hills) yet not so great
As pleasant ; and let's curious to the sight,
Than strong, yet yielding even as much delight
As strength ; whose onely out-side did declare
The Masters judgement, and the builders care.
Around the *Castle*, Nature had laid out
The bounty of her treasure round about
Well fenced Meadows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd provision for the Winter tide :
Neer which the neighb'ring hills (well stockt & stor'd
With milk-white flocks) did severally afford
Their fruitful blessings, and deserv'd increase
To painful Husbandry, the childe of Peace :

It was *Kalandars* seat, who was the Brother
 Of lost *Parthenia's* late deceased Mother.
 He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
 Ne'r taught to undervalue the condition
 Of private *Gentry*, who prefer'd the love
 Of his respected neighbors, far above
 The apish congies of th'unconstant Court ;
 Ambitions of a good, not great report :
 Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
 Upon his favors so, as to be tending
 Upon his person, and in brief, too strong
 Within himself, for fortunes hand no wrong :
 Thither came wandring *Argalus*, and receiv'd
 As great content, as one that was bereav'd
 Of all his joys, could take ; or who would strive
 T'express a welcome to the life, could give.
 His richly furnish'd Table more exprest
 A common bounty, than a curious feast ;
 Whereat the choice of precious wines were proffer'd
 In liberal sort ; nor urg'd, but freely offer'd :
 The careful servants did attend the room ;
 No need to bid them either go or come ;
 Each knew his place, his office, and could spy
 His Masters pleasure in his Masters eye.
 But what can relish pleasing to a taste
 That is distemper'd ? Can a sweet repast
 Please a sick Palate ? No, there's no content
 Can enter *Argalus*, whose soul is bent
 To tire on his own thoughts : *Kalandars* love
 (That other times would ravish) cannot move
 That fixed heart, which passion now incites
 T'abjure all pleasures, and forswear delights.
 It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalandar and his noble guests, intending
 T'exchange their pleasures in the open air,
 A Messenger came in, and did repair
 Unto *Kalandar*, told him, that the end
 Of his employment, was to recommend
 A noble Lady to him (neer alli'd
 To fair *Queen Hellen*) whose unskilful guide

Had

Had so mist, that she does make request,
 This night, to be his bold, and unknown guest :
 And by his help to be inform'd the way,
 To finde to morrow, what she lost to day.
Kalander (the extent of whole ambition
 Was to expresse the bounteous disposition
 Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion
 To entertain) return'd the salutation
 Of an unknown servant ; and withal profess
 A promis'd welcome to so fair a guest.
 Forthwith *Kalander* and his noble friends,
 (All but poor *Argalus*, who recommends
 His thoughts to private uses, and confines
 His secret fancy to his own designs)
 Mounted their praunsing Steeds, to give a meeting
 To his fair guest : They met, but at first greeting
Kalander stood amaz'd, (for he suppos'd
 It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts disclos'd :

Madam (said he) if these mine aged eyes
 Retain what wonted strength which age denies
 To many of my years, I should be bold
 (In viewing you) to say, I do behold
 My Niece *Partheniaes* face : Nor can I be
 Perswaded (by your leave) but you are she.

Thrice noble Sir (she thus reply'd) your tongue
 (Perchance) hath done the fair *Parthenia* wrong
 In your mistake, and too much honor'd me,
 That (in my judgment) was more fit to be
 Her foil, than picture ; yet hath many an eye
 Given the like sentence, she not being by ;
 Nay, more : I have been told that my own mother
 Fail'd often to distinguish t'one from t'other.

Said then *Kalander* : If my rash conceit
 Hath made a fault, mine error shall await
 Upon your gracious pardon : I alone
 Was not deceiv'd ; for never any one
 That view'd *Partheniaes* visage, but would make
 As great an error by as great mistake.

But (*Madam*) for her sake, and for your own,
 (Whose worth may challenge to it self alone,

*More service than Kalandar can express)
 Y' are tru'y welcome. Enter and possess
 This Castle as your own ; which can be blest
 In nothing more, than in so fair a guest.*

*Whereto the Lady (entring) thus repli'd :
 Let everlasting joys be multipli'd
 Within these gentle gates, and let them stand
 As lasting Monuments in the Arcadian Land
 Of rare and bounteous hospitality
 To after-times. Let strangers passing by
 Bless their succeeding heirs as shall descend
 From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.*

*When as a little respite had repair'd
 Her weary limbs, which travel had impair'd,
 The freeness of occasion did present
 New subjects to discourse ; wherein they spent
 No little time : Among the rest besel
 Kalandar (often stopt with tears) to tell
 Of Argalus and lost Partheniaes love,
 Whose undissembled passion did move
 A general grief ; the more that they attended
 To his sad tale, the more they wisht it ended.*

*Madam (said he) although your visage be
 Like hers, yet may your fortunes disagree ;
 Poor Girl : And as he spake that word his eyes
 Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies,*

*My soul doth suffer for Partheniaes sake :
 But tell me Sir, Did Argalus forsake
 His poor Parthenia whom he lov'd so dear ?
 How hath he spent his days ere since ? and where ?*

*Madam (said he) when as their marriage day
 Drew near ; mischief, that now was bent to play
 Upon the Stage her studied Master-prize,
 With ugly leprosie did so disguise
 He beauteous face, that she became a terror
 To her own self : But Argalus the mirror
 Of truest constancy (whose loyal heart,
 Not guided by his eyes, disdain'd to start
 From his past vows) did in despite of Fortune,
 Pursue his fixt desires, and importune*

Th'in.

Th' intended marriage ne'rtheless ; but she
 Whom reason now had taught to disagree
 With her distracted thoughts, stands deaf and mute,
 And at the last, t' avoid his further sute,
 Not making any private to her sighs,
 She quits the house, and steals away by night :
 But Madam, when as Argalus perceiv'd
 That she was fled ; and being quite bereav'd
 Of his lost hope, poor Lover he assays
 By toilsom pilgrimage to end his days,
 Or finde her out : Now 'twice six moneths have run
 Their tedious courses since he first begur
 His fruitless journey ranging far and near,
 Suffering as many sorrows as a year
 Could send ; and made by the extreame of weather,
 Unapt for travel ; Fortune brought him hither,
 Where he as yet remains, till time shall make
 His wasted body fit to undertake
 His discontinu'd progress, and renew
 His great inquest for her, who at first view,
 Madam'd you seem'd to be.

So said, the Lady, from whose tender eyes
 Some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize
 With both their sorrows, said, And is there then
 Such unexpected constancy in men ?

Most noble Sir ?

If the too rash desires of a stranger
 May be dispens'd withall without the danger
 Of too great boldness, I should make request
 To see this noble Lord, in whose rare brest
 (By your report) more honor doth reside,
 Then in all Greece ; nay, all the world beside :
 I have a message to him ; and am loath
 To do it, were I not engag'd by oath.

Whereat Kalandar not in breath, but action,
 Applies himself to give a satisfaction
 To her propounded wish ; protraction wastes
 No time, but up to Argalus he hastes :
 Argalus comes down, and after salutation
 Giv'n and receiv'd, she accosts him on this fashion :

My Noble Lord,

*Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame
Hath nois'd your worth, and glorifi'd your name
Above all others, let your goodness now
Make good that fair report ; that I may know
By true experience, what my joyful ear
Had but as yet the happiness to hear,
And if the frailty of a womans wit
May chance t'offend ; be noble, and remit.*

*Then know (most noble Lord) my native place,
Is Corinth ; of the self-same blood and race
With fair Queen Hellen, in whose Princely Curs
I had my birth, my breeding ; to be short,
Thiiber not many days ago, there came
Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name
The rare Parthenia ; so in shape transform'd,
In feature altered, and in face deform'd
That (in my judgement) all this Region could
Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.
Long was it ere her oft repeated vows
And solemn Protestations could Rouse
My overdull belief ; till at the last,
Some passages, that heretofore had past
In secret twixt Parthenia and me,
Gave full assurance it could be none but she ;
Abundant welcome (as a soul so sad
As mine, and hers, could give or take) she had :
So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,
That whosoever saw the one, saw both ;
Yet were we not alike in our complexions
So much, as in our loves, in our affections :
One sorrow serv'd us both, and one relief
Could ease us both, but partners in one grief -
Much private time we jointly spent, and neither
Could find a true content, if not together.
The strange occurrents of her dire misfortune
She oft discours'd, which strongly did importune
A world of tears from these suffus'd eyes,
The true partakers of her miseries.*

And

And as she spake the accent of her story,
 Would always point upon th' eternal glory
 Of your rare constancy, which who so'er
 In after-ages shall presume to bear,
 And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
 A rebel to all virtue, and (defam'd
 In his best actions) let his leprous name
 Or die dishonour'd, or survive with shame.
 But ah! What Simples can the hand of art
 Find out to stanch a lovers bleeding heart?
 Or what (alas) can humane skill apply
 To turn the course of loves Phlebotomy?
 Love is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blown
 By fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,
 Works on the very soul, and does torment
 The universe of man: Which being spent
 And wasted in the conflict often shrinks
 Beneath the burthen: And so conquer'd, sinks.
 All which your poor Parthenia knew too well,
 Whose bedrid hopes, not having power to quell
 Th' imperious fury of extreame despair,
 She languisht, and not able to contrair
 The will of her victorious passion; cryed,
 My dearest Argalus, farewell, and died.
 My Lord, not long before her latest breath
 Had free'ly paid the full arrears to death,
 She call'd me to her: In her dying hand
 She strained mine, whilst in her eyes did stand
 A storme of tears, unwept, and in mine ear
 She whisp' red so, as all the room might hear.
 Sister (said she) (That time past between us
 Not undeserv'd; for, all that ere had seen us,
 Mistook us so at least) the latest sand
 Of my spent hour-glass is now at hand:
 Those joys, which Heaven appointed out for me,
 I here bequeath to be possess'd by thee:
 And when sweet death shall clarifie my thoughts,
 And drain them from the dregs of all my faults,
 Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so refin'd
 From all their dross) full fraught thy constant minde;

And let thy propp'rous voyage be address'd
 To the fair port of Argalus his brest,
 As whom the eye of noon did ne'r discover
 So loyal, so renown'd, so rare a lover.
 Cast anchor there ; for by this dying breath,
 No hing can please my soul more after death,
 And make my joys more perfect, than to see
 A marriage 'twixt my Argalus and thee :
 This Ring, the pledg bewixt his heart and mine,
 As freely as he gave me, I make thine :
 With it unto thy faithfull heart I tender
 My sacred vovs ; with it I here surrender
 All right and title that I had or have
 In such a blessing, as I now must leave :
 Go to him, and conjure him in my name,
 What love he bare to me, the very same
 That he transfer on thee : Take no denial,
 Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyal ;
 And as she spake that word, her voice did alter ;
 Her breath grew cold, her speech began to faulter :
 Fain would she utter more, but her spent tongue
 (Not able to go further) fail'd, and clung
 To her dry rof. A while, as in a trance,
 She lay, and on a sudden did advance
 He forced language, to the height, and cried,
 Farewel my dearest Argalus, and died.

And now, my Lord, although this office be
 Unsuitable to my sex, and disagree
 Too much, perchance with the too mean condition
 Of my poor state, more like to finde derision
 Than satisfaction ; yet my gracious Lord,
 Extr'ordinary merits do afford
 Extr'ordinary means, and can excuse
 The breach of custome, or the common use :
 Wherefore incited by the dear directions
 Of dead Parthenia, by my own affections,
 And by the ex'lence of your high desert,
 I here present you with a faithfull heart,
 A heart to you devoted ; which assures
 It self no happiness, but in being yours.

Pardon

Pardon my boldness ; they that shall reprove
This as a fault, reprove a fault in love :
And why should custom do our Sex that wrong,
To take away the priviledge of our tongue ?
If nature give us freedom to affect,
Why then should custom bar us to detect
The gifts of nature ? she that is in pain,
Hath a sufficient warrant to complain.
Then give me leave (my Lord) to re inforce
A Virgins suit, and (and thinking ne r ibe worse
Of proffer'd love) let my desire thrive,
And freely accept, what I so freely give,

So ending, silence did enlarge her ear,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear
His gracions words ; but *Argalus* whose passion
Had put his amorous Courtship out of fashion,
Return'd no answer, till his trickling eyes
Had given an earnest of such obsequies
As his adjourned sorrow had intended
To do at full, and therefore recommended
To privacy ; true grief abhors the light ;
Who grieves without a witness grieves aright :

His passion thus suspended for a while,
(And yet not so, but that it did recoil
Strong sighs) he wip'd his tear-bedewed eyes,
And turning to the Lady, thus replies :

Madam,
Your no less rare, than noble favors show
How much your merit, and how much I owe
Your great desert, which claims more thankfulness,
Than such a dearth of language can express.
But most of all, I stand for ever bound
To that your goodness my *Parthenia* found
In her distress, for which respect (in duty
As I am ti'd) poor *Argalus* shall requite ye
The flower of nebe courtesie, and proclaim
Your high deservings. Lady, as I am
A poor and happy wretch ; the very scorn
Of all posterity, distress, forlorn,

Unworthy the least favor you can give,
 I am your slave, your Beadsman will I live :
 But for this weighty matter you propound,
 Although I see how much it would redound
 To my great happiness, yet Heaven knows
 (Most excellent Lady) I cannot dispose
 Of mine own thoughts, nor have I power to do
 What else you needed not perswade me to ;
 For trust me, were this heart of mine, mine own,
 To carve according to my pleasure, none
 But you should challenge ; but while I live :
 It is Partheniaes, and not mine to give.

Whereto she thus replies : Most noble Sir,
 Death that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
 Hath now returned you your heart again,
 Dissolv'd your vows, disink't that sacred chain.
 Which ty'd your souls ; nay more, her dying breath
 Bequeath'd your heart to me ; which by her death
 Is grown a debt, that you are bound to pay ;
 Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay
 The longer time her soul is dispossest
 (And by your means) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poor distressed Argalus
 Pausing a while, return'd his answer thus.

Incomparable Lady,
 When first of all, by heavens divine directions,
 We lov'd, we lik'd, we linkt our dear affections,
 And with the solemn power of an oath,
 In presence of the better gods we both
 Exchang'd our hearts : In witness of which thing,
 I gave, and she received this dear Ring,
 Which now you wear ; by which she did resign
 Her heart to me ; for which, I gave her mine.
 Now, Madam by a mutuall Commerce,
 My exchang'd heart is not mine own but hers :
 Which if it had the power to survive,
 She being dead, what heart have I to give ?
 Or if that heart expired in her death,
 What heart had she (poor Lady !) to bequeath ?

Madam :

*Madam, in her, began my dear affection ;
In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection ;
In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended
By fate : In her begun, in her it ended.
If I had lov'd, if I had onely lov'd
Partheniaes beauty, I had soon been mov'd
To moderate my sorrows, and to place
That love on you, that have Partheniaes face.
But 'twas Partheniaes self I lov'd, and love ;
Which as no time hath power to remove
From my fixt heart, so nothing can diminish,
No fortune can dissolve, no death can finish.
With mingled frowns and smiles she thus reply'd
Half in a rage, And must I be deny'd ?
Are these the noble favours I expected ?
To finde disgrace, and go away reject'd.*

*"Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)
Sute not your expectation, let them be
Imputed to the misery of my state,
Which makes my lips to speak they know not what ;
Mistake not him, that one's studies bow
With most advantage still to honour you.
Alas ! what joyes I ever did receive
From Fortune, 's buried in Parthenias grave,
With whom, ere long, (nor are my hopes in vain)
I hope to meet, and never part again.*

*So said, with more than Eagle-winged hast,
She flew into his bosome, and imbrac'd
In her clos'd arms, his sorrow-wasted wast ;
Surcharg'd with joy, she wept, not having power
To speak. Have you beheld an April shower
Send down her hasty bubbles, and then stops,
Then storms afresh, through whose transparent drops
The unobscured Lamp of Heaven conveys
The brighter glory of his resulgent rays ?
Even so, within her blushing cheeks resid'd
A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and tears divided :
So even divided, no man could say, whether
She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together :*

She

She held him fast, and like a fainting lover,
 Whose passion now had licence to discover
 Some words : *Since then thy heart is not for me,*
Take, take thy own Parthenia (said she)
Chear up my Argalus, these words of mine
Are thy Partheniaes, or Parthenia's thine :
Believe it (Love) these are no false alarms,
Thou hast thine own Parthenia in thine arms.

Like as a man whose hourly wants implore
 Each meals relief, trudging from door to door
 That hears no Dialect from churlish lips,
 But news of Beadles, and their torturing whips,
 Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure,
 New lost ; departs, and joyful beyond measure,
 Is so transported, that he scarce believes
 So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,
 Not daring trust, but fears it is some vision,
 Or flattering dream, deserving but derision:
 So *Argalus* amazed at the news,
 Fain would believe, but daring not abuse
 His easie faith too soon ; for fear his heart
 Should surfet on conceit, he did impart
 The truth unto his fancy by degrees :
 Where stopt by passion, falling on his knees,
 He thus began : *O you eternal powers*
That have the guidance of these souls of ours,
Who by your just prerogative can do
What is asin for man to dive into :
Whose undiscover'd actions are too high
For thought : too deep for man to enquire why :
Delude not these mine eyes with the false show
Of such a joy, as I must never know
But in a dream ; or if a dream it be,
O let me never wake again to see
Myself deceiv'd, that am ordain'd to enjoy
A real grief, and but a dreaming joy.
 Much more he spake to this effect, which ended,
 He biest himself, and (with a sigh) unbended
 His aking knees ; and rising from the ground
 He cast his rolling eyes about, and found

The room avoided, and himself alone ;
The door half clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone,
His new cistempered passion grew extream :
I knew, I knew (said he) 'twas but a dream ;
A minutes joy, a flash, a flattering bubble
Blown by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble ;
Which waking breaks, and empties into air,
And breaths into my soul a fresh despair.
I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dream,
Which (waking) makes my wants the more extream :
I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,
A bliss, which (waking) I should ne'r enjoy.
My dear Parthenia tell me where, O where
Art thou, that so delus'dst mine eye, mine ear ?
O that my wakened fancy had the might
To represent unto my real sight
What my deceived eyes beheld, that I
Might surfeit with excess of joy and die!

With that, the fair *Parthenia* (whose desire
Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire ;
And by a well-advised course to smother
The fury of one passion with another)
Strept in, and said, *Then Argalus take thou*
Thy true Parthenia : Thou dream'st not now ;
Behold this Ring, whose Motto does impart
The constancy of our divided heart :
Behold these eyes, that for thy sake have vented
A world of tears, unpitied, unlamented :
Behold this face, that had, of late, the power
To curse all beauty, yet it self secure :
Witness that Tapor, whose prophetick snuff
Was outed and revived with one puff :
And that my words may wet thy dull relief,
'Twas I that roar'd beneath the scourge of grief,
When thou didst curse the darkness for concealing
My face, and then the Tapor for revealing
So foul a face ; 'twas I that overcome
With violent despair, stood deaf and dumb
To all thy urg'd persuasions ; it was I,
That in thy absence, did resolve to die.

*A wandering Pilgrim, trusting to be led
 By Fortune, to my Death ; and therefore fled.
 But see ! the powers above can work their ends,
 In spite of mortals ; and what man intends,
 The Heavens dispose, and order the event :
 For when my thoughts were desperately bent
 To mine own ruine, I was led by fate
 (Through dangers now too tedious to relate)
 To fair Queen Hellens Court, not knowing whither
 My unadvised steps were guided. Thither
 My Genius brought me where unknown to any,
 I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many,
 Reliev'd by none ; at length they did acquaint
 The fair Queen Hellen with my strange complaint :
 Whose noble heart did truly sympathize
 With mine, partaking in my miseries :
 Who filld with pity, strongly did importune
 The woful case of my disastrous fortune,
 And never rested till she did inforce
 These lips t' acquaint her with the whole discourse.
 Which done, her gracious pleasure did command
 Her own Chirurgion, to whose skilful hand
 She left my foul disease, who in the space
 Of twice ten days, restor'd me to this face ;
 The cure perfected, straight she sent about
 (Without my knowledge) to inquire out
 That party for whose sake I was contented
 T' endure such grief with patience, unrepented :
 Hoping since by her means, and help of art
 My face was cur'd, even so to cure my heart.
 But when the welcome Messenger return'd
 The place of thy abode, O how my spirit burn'd
 To kiss her hands, and so to leave the Court :
 But she (whose favours did transcend report
 As much, as they exceeded my desert)
 Detain'd me for a while, as loth to part
 With her poor handmaid ; till at last, pretending
 A lovers haste, and freely apprehending
 So just a cause of speed ; she soon befriended
 My best desires, and sent me thus attended:*

Where

*Where (under a false mask) I laid this plot,
To see how soon my Argalus had forgot
His dead Parthenia; but my blessed ear
Hath heard what few or none must hope to hear:
Now farewell sorrow, and let old despair
Go seek new breasts; let mischief never dare
Attempt our hearts; let Argalus enjoy
His true Parthenia; let Parthenia's joy
Revive in him; let each be blest in either,
And blest be Heaven, that brought us both together.*

*With that the well-nigh broken hearted lover,
Ravish'd with over-joy, did thus discover
His long pent words: And do those eyes once more
Behold what their extreme despair gave ore
To hope for? Do these wretched eyes attain
The happiness to see this face again?
And is there so much happiness yet left
For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
Of power to enjoy, what Heaven had power to give?
Breaths my Parthenia? Does Parthenia live?*

*Who ever saw the Pole-affecting stone,
By hidden power, (a power as yet unknown
To our confin'd and darkned reason) draw
The neighboring steel, which by the mutual law
Of natures secret working, strives as much
To be attracted, till they joyn and touch;
Even so these greedy Lovers meet, and charms
Each other strongly in each others arms;
Even so they meet; and with unbounded measure
Of true content, and time-beguiling pleasure,
Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,
Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses:
Where for a while I leave them to receive,
What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have:*

*Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
Abuse our Scene: Let not the stander by
Corrupt our lines, or make an obscene gloss
Upon our sober Text, and mix his dross
With our refined Gold, extracting sower
From sweet; and poyson from so fair a flower.*

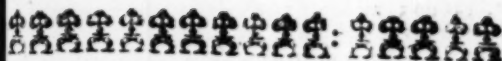
Correct your wandring thoughts, and do not fear
To think the best : Here is no *Tarquin* here :
No lustful, no insatiate *Messaline*.

Who thought it gain sufficient to resign
An age of honor, for a night of pleasure ;
Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure
Of her adust desire : Ye need not fear
Our private Lovers, who esteem less dear
Their lives than honors, daring not to do
But what, unsham'd, the Sun may pry into.

If any itching ears desire to know
What secret conf'rence past betwixt these two ;
To them my Muse thus answers : *When your case*
Shall prove the like, she wills you to embrace.
True honor, as these noble Lovers did.

And you shall know ; till then you are forbid
To inquire further : Onely this she pleases
To let you understand, that loves diseases
Being roughly cured, by their meeting, they
Have once again prefixt a Marriage day :
Which that it might succeed, with fairer fortune,
Readers, she moves your pleasures to importune
The better gods, That they would please t'appay
Their griefs with joy, and smile upon that day.

Argalus



Argalus and Parthenia.

The Third Book.

When sturdy *Marches* storms are over-
blown,
And *Aprils* gentle showers are flidden
down,

To close the wind-chapt Earth, succeeding *May*
Enters her moneth, whose early breaking day
Calls Ladies from their easie Beds to view
Sweet *Maia's* pride, and the discolour'd hiew
Of dewy-breasted *Flora* in her bower,
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
Her fancy likes; wherewith to be possest,
Until it fade, and wither in her brest,

Now smooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder smiles
Visits the banks, of his beloved *Iles*:

Eolus calls in the winds, and bids them hold
Their full mouth'd blasts, that breathless are con-
Each one retires, and shrinks into his seat, (told:
And Sea-green *Triton* sounds a shrill retreat:
And thus at length, our *Pinace* is past o're
The bar, and rides before the *Maiden-tower*.

Up, now in earnest (voyagers) and stand ye
On your faint legs. Our *long boat* straight shall land
Forget your travels now, and lead your eyes (ye,
From your past dangers, to your present prize:

- You

You traffick not for toyes : The gods have set
 No other price to things of price, but *sweat*.
 Chear up ; call home your hearts, and be advis'd
 Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd ;
 You traffick not for trifles, and your travel
 Was not to compass the almighty gravel
 Of th' *Indian Mines*, to ballast your estates ;
 'Twas not for blasts of *Honor*, whose poor dates,
 Depend on regal smiles, and have no measures
 But Monarch's *mills*, expiring with their pleasures :
 'Twas not to conquer Kingdoms, or obtain
 The dangerous title of a *Sovereign* :
 These are poor things : It is but false discretion
 To toil, where hopes are sweeter then possession :
 No, we are bound upon more brave adventures ;
True Honor, Virtue, Beauty, are the Centers,
 To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend ;
 And Heaven hath brought our voyage to an end.

Hail noble *Argalus*, now the *Cockboas* stands
 Secure ; step forth ; spred forth thy widened hands,
 And take thy fairest *Bride* into thine arms :
 Strike up (brave spirit) *Cupid's* fresh alarms
 Upon her melting lips : Take *Toll*, before
 Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore :
 So let her slide upon thy gentle brest,
 And feel the ground : Then lead her to her rest.
 Go Imps of Honor, let the morning Sun
 Gild your delights, and spend his beams upon
 Your marriage triumphs ; let his Western light
 Decline space, and make an early night.
 Go, *Turtles* go, let treble joys betide
 The faithful *Bridegroom*, and his fairest *Bride* :
 Let your own vertues light you to your rest ;
 To morrow come we to your Nuptial feast.

By this the cull'd pate *Waggoner* of Heaven
 Had finisht his Diurnal courie, and driven
 His panting Steeds a down the Western Hill,
 When silver *Cynthia* rising to fulfil
 Her nightly course, lets fall an Evening tear,
 To see her Brother leave the *Hemisphere*,

Which

Which by the air dispers'd, is early found
(And call'd a *Pearly dew*) upon the ground :
Still as the night, no language did molest
The waking ear : all mortals were at rest :
No breath of wind had power to provoke
The aspine-leaf, or urge th'aspiring smoke :
Sweet was the Air, and clear ; no Star was hid :
No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid,
The wilde Astronomer to gaze, and look
Into the secrets of his spangled book ;
Whilst round about, in each resounding grove
(As if the *Choristers* of night had strove
To excel) the warbling *Philomela* compares,
And vies by turns her *Polypholian* airs.

And now the horn mouth'd *Belman* of the night
Had sent his midnight summons to invite
Nights ravenous rebels from their secret holds
To come and visit the securer folds ;
Whilst drouzy *Morpheus* with his leaden keys
Locks up the Shepherds eye-lids, and betrays
The scatter'd flocks : which lie like sacrifices,
Expecting fire when the Sun-god rises.
By this the pale-fac'd *Empress* of the night
Had surrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world she now retires,
Attended with her train of lesser fires,
And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
To usher *Titan* from his Purple bed ;
The gray-ey'd *Janitor* does now begin
To ope his Eastern portals, and let in
The new-born *Day* ; who having lately hurld
The shades of night into the lower world,
The dewy cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple curtains, all befring'd with Gold ;
And from the Pillow of his *Crocean* Bed,
Don *Phæbus* rouzes his refulgent head ;
That with his all-discerning eye surveys
And gilds the Mountains with his morning rayes.
Now, now the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whose last night
Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,
Salutes

Salutes the welcome light, which now at length,
Shall crown his heart with joys, beyond the strength
Of mortal language, whose religious fires
Shall light those Lovers to their wisht desires.

Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,
T'enjoy that joy, from whence all joy proceeds,
Enter those joyes, from whence all joy proceeds :
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds.

And thou fair *Bride*, more beauteous than the day,
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away ;
Awake and rouze thee from thy downy slumber :
Thy *Day* is come : O may thy joys out-number
Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue ;
Arise, and bid thy Maiden bed adieu :
Put on thy Nuptial robes, time calls away ;
O may thy after days be like this day.
By this, bright *Phœbus* with redoubled glory,
Had half way mounted to the highest story
Of his *Olympick Palace* ; there to see
This long expected days solemnity :
When all on sudden, there was heard (around
From every quarter) the Majestick sound
Of many Trumpets : All, in consort running
One point of War, transcending for the cunning
Of mortal blasts ; and, what did seem more strange,
The shrill-mouth'd musick did as sudden change
To *Dorick* strains, to sweet mollitions airs,
To *Lyrick* songs and voices, like to theirs
That charm'd *Ulysses* ; whilst th'amazed ear
Stood ravisht at these changes, it might hear
Those voices, (by degrees) transform'd to *Lutes*,
To *Shalms*, deep throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
And echo-forcing *Cornets* ; which surpast
The art of man ; this *Harmony* did last
Until the *Bridegroom* came ; but all men wondred
To hear the noise ; some thought the Heavens had
To a new tune ; and some more wiser ears (thundred
Conceiv'd it was the *Musick of the Sphæars* :
All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could hear :
But none knew whence the *Musick* was, or where.

Forth-

Forthwith, as if a second *Sun* had rose,
 And strove with greater brightness to depose
 The glory of the first, the *Bridegroom* came,
 Usher'd along with Eagle-winged *fame*,
 Whose twice five hundred mouths did at one blast
 Inspire a thousand *Trumpets*, as he past ;
 His Nuptial vesture was of *Scarlet Die*,
 So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye
 To gaze upon't ; to which the curious Art
 Of the laborious Needle did impart
 So great a glory, that you might behold
 A rising *Sun*, imboast with purest gold :
 From whence ten thousand *trails* of gold came down
 In waving points, like *Sun-beams* from that Sun :
 Thus from his chamber-midst the vulgar croud
 (Like *Titan*, breaking through a gloomy cloud)
 The long expected *Bridegroom* came, and past
 Th' amazed multitude ; till, at the last,
 His Herauld brought him to the *Hall of State*,
 Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
 To welcome his approach, and to discharge
 The lower volley of their joys at large :
 The Hall was spacious, lightsome, and bestrow'd
 With *Flora's* wealth : (a bounty that she ow'd
 This glorious feast) the walls were richly clad
 With curious *Tap'stry* (such as *Greece* ne'r had
 Before that day) wherein you might behold
 Wrought to the life, in coloured silk and gold,
 This present story of these peerless Lovers,
 Which like a silent Chronicle, discovers
 The several passages that did befall
 Twixt their first meeting, and their Nuptial ;
 Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,
 Presented to this *Triumph*, as a *Peece*
 Devoted to the memory and fame
 Of *Argalus*, and his *Partheniaes* name ;
 No sooner was the Ceremony ended,
 (Wherein each noble spirit more contended
 T'express affection, than affect the expression
 Of courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profession

Of airy friendship) but a sudden shout
Of rudely mingled voices flew throughout
The spacious *Castle*, which confus'dly cry'd
Joy to Parthenia, to the fairest Bride.

Forthwith (as if that Heaven had broken loose,
And *Deities* had meant to enterpose
Their heavenly bodies with the mortal tribe
Of men ; or else, intending to ascribe
Their pers'nal honor to this Nuptial)
In more than Princely state enters the *Hall*
A glorious show of Ladies, all array'd
In rare and costly robes, and richly laid
With Jems unvalued ; and each Lady wore
A scarf upon her arm, embroidred o'r
With *Gold* and *Pearl* ; thus hand in hand they pass
Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did cast
A backward look, as if their thoughts did mind
Some greater glory, coming on behinde :

Next after them, came in the *Virgin crew*
In milk-white robes (Virgins that never knew
The sacred myst'ries of the marriage bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*,
Ere lent a thought to nuptial joys till now)
Thus pass these buds of Nature, two by two,
Their long dishevelled tresses dangled down
With careless Art, and on each head a crown
Of Golden *Lawrel* stood ; their faces shrowded
Beneath a veil, seem'd as the stars were clouded.

Have ye beheld in frosty Winters even,
When all the lesser twinkling *Lamps* of Heaven
Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of rising *Cynthia* looks ? with what a grace
She views the throne of darkness, and aspires
Th' *Olympick* brow, amidst the smaller fires ?
So after all these sparks of beauty, came
(They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)
The fair *Parthenia* : Thus the rose-cheek'd *Bride*
Enters the room ; a milk-white veil did hide
Her blushing face, which ne'rtheless discloses
Some glimpse of red, like *Lawn* o'r spreading *Roses* :

Thus

Thus entred she. The Garments that she wore
 Were made of purple silk, beſpangled o're
 With *Stars* of pureſt Gold, and round about
 Each ſeveral *Star* went, winding in and out,
 A trail of *Orient Pearl*, ſo rarely wrought,
 That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought
 The *Stars* had twinkled ; her diſhevelled hair
 Hung down behinde, as if the onely care
 Had been to reconcile *neglect* and *art*,
 Hung looſely down, and vail'd the backer part
 Of thoſe her Sky-reſembling Robes ; but ſo,
 That every breath would wave it too and fro,
 Like flying clouds, through which you might diſcover
 Sometimes one glim'ring *Star*, ſometimes another :
 Thus on ſhe went ; her ample train ſupported
 By thrice three Virgins, evenly ſiz'd and ſorted
 In purple robes ; forthwith, the *Bridegroom* riſes
 From off his chair ; bows down and ſacrifices
 The peaceful offering of a morning kiſs
 Upon her lips : *To ſuch a Saint as this,*
O, what rebellious heart could chuſe but bow,
And offer freely the perpetual vow
Of choice obedience ?

With that, each Noble moves him from his place,
 And with a poſture, full of princely grace,
 Salutes the lovely *Bride*, with words, expreſſing
 The joyful Model of a Kingdoms bleſſing.
 But hark ! The *Hymeneau Trumpet* ſends
 Her lateſt ſummons forth : *Hymen* attends
 The noble pair, and is prepar'd to yoke
 Their promis'd hands ; the ſacred *Altars* ſmoke
 With *Myrrh* and *Frankincenſe*, the ways are ſtrow'd
 With *Flora's* pride ; and the expecting croud
 Have throng'd the ſtreets, and every greedy eye
 Attends to ſee the *Triumph* paſſing by.

At length the gates flew open ; on this faſhion
 began the *Triumph* : Firſt a *Proclamation*
 Was made, with a loud voice : *If any be*
Lord, or Knight, or whatſo'er degree,

Pro-

Professing Arms or Honor in the Land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A title to Partheniaes heart, or claim
A right or interest in her love or name ;
Let him come forth in person ; or appear
By noble Proxy, if not present here :
And by the ex'lent honor of a Knight,
He shall receive such honorable right
As the just sword can give : Let him now come
And speak, or else, for evermore be dumb. (came

Thrice was it read ; which done, forthwith there
 True honours Eagle-winged Herauld Fame,
 Sounding a silver Trump, and as she past
 She shook the earths foundation with her blast :

Next after whom in undissembled state
 The *Bridegroom* came : On his right hand did wait
 The god of War in Martial Robes of green,
 All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been
 But newly wounded, and from every wound
 Fresh blood did seem to trickle on the ground :
 And as the Garments mov'd, each dying heart
 Would seem to pant a while, and then depart :
 Upon the *Bridegrooms* left hand there attended
 Heavens Pursuivant, whose brawny arm extended
 A winged *Caduce* ; he had scarce the might
 To curb his feet : His feet were wing'd for flight :
 Above his head their hands did joynly hold
 A *Crimson Canopy* embost with gold.

Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
 Brave men at arms, whose names the world had hol-
 For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights, (low'd
 Whose bloods had ransom'd, and redeem'd the rights
 Of wronged Ladies : These were all aray'd
 In robes of *Needle-work*, so rarely made,
 That he which sees them, thinks he doth behold
 Armors of steel, fair filleted with Gold ;
 And as they marcht, their *Squiers* did advance
 Before each Knight his warlike *Shield* and *Lance*.

And after these, the Princely *Virgin-Bride*,
 On whom all eyes were fastened, did divide

Her gentle paces, being led between
Two Goddesses, the one array'd in green,
On which the curious needle undertook
To make a forrest : here a bubling brook
Divides two thickets ; through the which doth flie
The single *Deer*, before the deep-mouth'd cry
That closely follows : there, th'affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the musick, and afear'd
Of every shadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to stay, or where to go :
Where, in a *Landskip*, you may see the *Fauns* :
Following their crying mothers o'r the *Lawns* :
The other was in robes, the purer die
Whereof did represent the mid-day sky (beams
Full of *black clouds* ; through which, the glorious
Of the victorious *Sun* appears, and seems
As 'twere to scatter ; and at length, to shed
His brighter glory, on a fruitful bed
Of noisom weeds, from whence you might discern
A thousand painful Bees extract, and earn
Their sweet provision ; and with laden thighs
To bear their waxy burthens : On this wise
The princely Bride was led betwixt these two :
The first was she that on *Atheon's* brow
Revenge'd her naked chastity ; the other
Was she to whom *Joves* pregnant brain was mother
Through *Vulcans* help, and these did joyntly hold
Upon her head a *Coronet* of Gold :
Whose train, *Diana's* Virgin crew, all crown'd
With golden wreaths, supported from the ground.

Next after her, upon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And stil'd, *The Ladies of the Maiden-head*,
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
And every spot appeared as a stain
Of lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had slain :
Rankt three and three, and on each head a Crown
Of *Primroses*, and *Roses* not yet blown.

Next whom the Beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whose glory came not short

Of what th'unlimited and studied art
Of glory vying Ladies could impart
To such solemnities, where every one
Strove to excel, and to b' exceld of none.

Thus came they to the *Temple* where attended
The sacred *Priests*, whose voices recommended
The days success to Heaven, and did divide
A blessing 'twixt the *Bridegroom*, and the *Bride* ;
Which done, and after low obeisance made,
The first (while all the rest kept silence) said :

Welcome to Juno's sacred Courts : Draw near :
Unspotted Lovers, welcome ; Do not fear
To touch his holy ground ; passion secure :
Our gates stand open to such guests as you are :
Our gracious Goddess grants you your desires,
And hath accepted of those holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleasure
To smell your Incense, in so great a measure
Of true delight, that we are bold to say,
She crowns your v-vows, and smiles upon this day.

So said, they bowed to the ground, and blest
Themselves ; that done, they singled from the rest
The noble *Bridegroom*, and his *Princely Bride*,
And said, *Our gracious Goddess be our guide,*
As we are yours : And as they spake that word,
Their well tun'd voices sweetly did accord
With *Musick* from the *Altar* ; as along
They past, they gently warbled out this song :

THUS in pomp and priestly pride,
To glorious Juno's *Altar* go we :
Thus to Juno's *Altar* show we
The noble *Bridegroom* and his *Bride* :
Let Juno's hourly blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.

May these Lovers never want
True joys, nor ever beg in vain
Their choice desires ; but obtain
What they can wish, or she can grant.

Let

*Let Juno's hourly blessing send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*From satiety, from strife,
From jealousy, domestick jars,
From those blows that leave no scars,
Juno protect your marriage life,
Let Juno's hourly blessing send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*Thus to Hymens sacred bands,
We commend your chaste desires,
That as Juno link'd your hearts,
So he would please to join your hands,
And let both their blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

No sooner was this Nuptial Carol ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This Princely pair (both prostrate on the floor)
And with their hands presented them before :
The sacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two Milk-white Turtles; and with prayers, besought
That *Juno's* lasting favors would descend,
And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.

With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder,
Possess'd each trembling heart with fear and wonder,
The Rafter's of the holy Temple shook.

As if accurs'd *Archimagoe's* Book

(That curs'd Legion) had been newly read :
The ground did tremble, and a mist o'er-spread
The darkned Altar.

At length, deep silence did possess and fill
The spacious Temple ; all was whist and still.
When, from the clouded Altar, brake the sound
Of heavenly musick, such as would confound
With death, or ravishment, the earth-bred ear,
Had not the Goddess given it strength to bear
So strong a rapture. As the Musick ended,
The mist on sudden vanish'd, and ascended

From whence it came. The *Altar* did appear,
 And *ashes* lying, where the *Turtles* were :
 Near which, great *Hymen* stood, not seen before :
 His purple *Mantle* was embroidred ore (hold
 With *Crowns* of *Thorn*, 'mongst which you might be-
 Some, here and there, (but very few (of gold ;
 Upon each little space, that did divide
 The several *Crowns*, a *Gordian* knot was tide ;
 And turning to the *Priest* he thus began :

*What mean these Fumes ? Say, what hath mortal man
 To do with us ? What great request ? what suit
 Does now attend us, that they thus salute
 Our nostrils, with such acceptable favors ?
 Tell us, wherein do they implore the favors
 Of the pleas'd Gods ? for by the eternal Throne
 And Majesty of Heaven, it shall be done.*

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus reply'd,
 Great God ? this noble *Bridegroom*, and this *Bride*,
 Whom we, most humbly, here present before
 Great *Juno's* sacred *Altar*, do implore
 Your gracious aid ; that with your *Nuptial* bands
 Your Grace would please to tie their promis'd hands :
 With that he straight descends the holy *Stairs*,
 And with his widened arms, divides and shares
 An equal blessing 'twixt them both, and said :

Noble Youth, and lovely Maid,
 Heave accepts your pleasing fires,
 And hath granted your desires :
 By the mystery of our power,
 First, we consecrate this power
 To *Juno's* name, that she would bless
 Our prosperous actions with success.
 With this *Oyl* (which we appoint
 For holy uses) we anoint
 Your Temples, and with *Nuptial* bands
 Thus we firmly joyn your hands :
 Be joyn'd for ever ; and let none
 Presume undo, what we have done :

*Be joynd till lawless Death shall sever
Both hands and hearts ; be joynd for ever :
Eternal curses we allot*

To those, till then, shall loose this knot.

So said, he blest them both in *Juno's* name,
And from their sight he vanish in a flame ;
That done they rose, and with new Fumes saluted
The smoaking *Altar* : Thrice they prostituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where, sending forth the well accepted sound
Of *Thanks* and *Vows* from their divided heart,
They kiss the sacred *Altar*, and depart :
And with the self-same *Triumph* as they came,
Returned ; whil'st the louder *Trump* of Fame
With a full blast sends forth a shrill retreat,
And re-conducts them to the *Hall of State*,
Whose richly furnish'd Table would invite
A bed-rid stomach to an appetite,
And make the wasteful *Glutton* that does eat
His unearn'd dyet with his daily swear,
Behold his heaven in a more ample measure,
Than he had hopes to purchase, with the treasure
Of his best faith ; such were the dainties, such
The viands, that I dare not think too much
To term it *Paradise*, where all things did
Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid :
Soon as the *Marshal* of this princely feast
Had in his rightful seat, plac'd every guest,
A soft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.

Forthwith, with joynd hands and smiling faces,
With habits more unequal than their paces,
A jolly pair drew near the Table ; th'one
In green : His pamper'd body had out grown
His seam-ipt garments, all embroider'd over (ver
With spreading Vines, whose fruitful leaves did co-
Their swelling Clusters ; his out-stutting eyes
Star'd in his head ; his dropie swollen thighs
Quagg'd as he went ; his purple colour'd shout
Was deeply furnish'd and inrich about

With *Carbuncles* ; around his brows did twine
Full laden Clusters, ravish'd from the *Vine*.

The other was a *Lady*, whom the Sun
With his bright rayes had too much gaz'd upon :
The colour of her silken mantle was
'Twixt green and yellow, like the fading grass :
On which were wrought enclosed fields of Corn,
Some reap'd, some bound in sheaves, & some unthorn,
Wel-favor'd was her count'nance, plump & round :
Her golden Tresses dangled to the ground :
Her Temples bound with full ripe ears of *Wheat*,
Wreath'd like a *Garland* : Frequent drops of sweat
Down from her swarthy brows did slily trickle,
And in her Sun-burnt hand she bare a *Sickle*.
Thus usher'd with a *Bag pipe* to the Table,
They both stood mute : *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challenge language from his breathless tongue,
Till smiling *Ceres* thus began the song.

V V *Elcome fairest Virgin Bride,*
Welcome to our jolly Feast :

Take what Ceres did provide

For so fair, so fair a Guest.

Bacch. *Taste what Bacchus did provide*

For so fair, so fair a Guest.

Welcome fairest Virgin Bride,

Welcome to our jolly Feast,

Chor. *Our conjoynd bounties do*

Make Mars smile and Venus too.

Ceres. *Welcome noble Bridegroom hither ;*

Worlds of bliss, and joy attend ye :

Freely welcome both together.

See what Ceres bounty sends ye,

Freely welcome both together.

Bacch. *See what Bacchus bounty sends ye.*

Welcome noble Bridegroom hither :

Worlds of bliss and joy attend ye.

Chor. *Our conjoynd bounties do*

Make Mars smile, and Venus too.

Ceres.

Ceres, *Here is that, whose sweet variety
Gives you pleasure and delight :
Makes you full without satiety :
Wastes the day, and hastes the night.*

Bacch. *This will rouse the man of War,
When the drum shall beat in vain,
When his spirits drooping are,
This will make them rise again.*

Chor. *You that jointly do inherit
Venus beauty, Mars his spirit,
Freely taste our bounty ; so
Mars shall smile, and Venus too.*

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,
They bow'd & vanish, none knew how, nor whither.
To make relation of each quaint devise,
That art presented their unwearied eyes :
The nature of their mirth, of their discourse :
The dainties of the first, the second course :
The secret glances of the *Bridegrooms* eye
On his fair *Bride*, how oft she blusht, and why,
Were but to rob the *Bridegroom* of his right,
Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.
Me thinks it grieves me that my Pen should wrong
Poor Lovers disappointed hopes so long :
And it repents me so, that oftentimes
Me thinks I could be angry with my rimes,
And for the cruel sins that they commit
In being tedious, some I wish unwrit :
Let it suffice, what glory, what delight,
What state, or what to please the appetite,
The eye, the ear, the fancy : In a word,
What joy so short a season could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here express'd
In this our Nuptial, this our Princely Feast.

Thus when the board was voided, and the *Sewer*
Had now resign'd his office with the *Emer*,
The curious Linnen gone : and all the rights
Perform'd, that 'long to festival delights :
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all.

To depth of silence ; tells them, 'tis his task,
To let them know, the Gods intend a Mask,
To grace these Nuptials ; and with that he spread
His air dividing pinions and fled,

Task of Gods. When silence thus had charmed every ear
With wonder and attention, they might hear
The winged Quiristers of night about,
In every corner sweetly warbling out
Their Philomelian airs, and wilder note,
Which nature taught them to divide by rote ;
So that the Hall did seem a shady Grove,
Wherein by turns th' ambitious Quire strove
To excel themselves.

While thus their ears were feeding with delight
Upon these strains, the Goddess of the Night
Enters the Scene : Her body was confin'd
Within a coal-black Mantle, borrow'd
With sable Furs : Her Tresses were of biew
Like Ebony, on which a Pearly dew
Hung like a Spiders web ; her face did shrowd
A swarthy Complexion, underneath a Cloud
Of black curl'd Cypress : On her head she wore
A Crown of burnisht Gold, beshaded o'er
With Fogs and Hory mist ; her hand did bear
A Scepter and a sable Hemisphere :
She sternly shook her demy Leeks, and brake
A Melancholy smile, and thus bespake :

Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) let slip
Your looser reins, and use thine idle whip,
Thy pamper'd Steeds are partle, drive away,
The lower world thinks long to see the day :
Darkness befits us best ; and our delight
Will relish far more sweeter in the night :
Approach (ye blessed Shadows) and extend
Your early Jurisdiction, and befriend
Our nightly Sports : Approach, make no delay
It is your Queen your Sovereign calls away.

With that, a sudden darkness fill'd the Hall :
The light was banisht, and the windows all.

So neerly clos'd their eye-lids round about
 That day cou'd not get in, nor da kness out;
 Thus while the death resembling shades of night
 Had drawn their misty Curtains mixt the light
 And every darkned eye, which was deni'd
 To see, but that, which darkness could not hide:
 The jea'lous God, fearing he knows not whom,
 (Indeed whom fears he not?) enters the room,
 And with his club foot groping in the shade
 Of night, he mutter'd forth these words and said;

Where is this wanton Harlot now become?
 Is light so odious to her? or is home
 So homely in her wandering eyes, that she
 Must still be rambling, where unknown to me?
 Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
 But intermedling *Venus* must be one?
 Is't not enough that *Phæbus* does applaud?
 Her lust, but must *Nights Goddess* be her baud,
Darkness be gone, thou *Patroness* to lust:
 If fair means may not rid thee, fouler must
 Away; my power shall out-charm thy charms,
 I'll finde her panting in her lovers arms.
 Enter you *Lampreys* of terrestrial fire,
 And let your Golden-heads (at least) conspire,
 To counterfeit a day, and on the night
 Revenge the wrongs of *Phæbus* with your light.

So said, the darkned Hall was garnisht round
 With lighted Tapers: Every object found
 An eye to own it, and each eye was fill'd
 With pleasure in the object it beheld.

As these deviseful changes did incite
 Their quickned fancies, with a fresh delight,
Morpheus came in, His dreaming pace was so,
 That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow,
 His folded arms, athwart his breast did knit
 A sluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit
 Against his panting bosom, as he past;
 And oftentimes his eyes were closed fast;
 He wore a Crown of Poppy on his head,
 And in his hand he bore a Mace of Lead.

He yawned thrice, and after homage done,
To nights black Sovereign, he thus begun:

the- Great Empress of the World, To whom I ow
ech. My self, my service, my perpetual vow:
Before the footstool of whose dreadful throne
The Princes of this lower world lay down
Their Crowns and Scepters; whose victorious hand
In twice twelve hours did conquer and command
This globe of earth, your servant (whose dependance
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the early shadows; and to seise
Upon these wearied mortals, when you please
To appoint; till then, your servant is at hand
To put in execution your command.

To whom the smiling Goddess thus repli'd,

ed. Morpheus, Our pleasure is to set aside
of This night to mirth, and time beguiling sports:
his Our sleep restraining business much imports
Your welcome absence, whilst our ears shall number
The flying hours; our mirth admits no slumber.
The world scarce ended, but the Queen of Love
Descended from her unseen seat above:
In her fair hand she led her winged Son,
And like a full mouth'd tempest thus begun:

Disloyal Sycophant, Deaths Bastard Brother,
Accursed spawn, cast from as curs'd a Mother:
to That with thy base impostures risest man
Of half his days, of half that little span
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles
Huggest him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles,
What mak'st thou here, and to usurp my right,
Perfidious Cassiff? Venus day is night:
Go to the frozen World, where mans desire
Is made of Ice, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne'r the warmer; Go, and visit fools,
Or Phlegmatick old age, whose spirit cools
As quickly as their breath; Go, what have we
To do (dull Morpheus) with thy Mace, or thee
As leaden as thy Mace? Th'art made for nought,
But to still children, or to ease the thought

Of Brain-sick *Phranks*; or with joys to flatter
 Poor slumbring souls, which wak'd find no such mat-
 Go, succor those, that vent by quick retail (ter.
 Their wits, upon dear peny-worths of Ale:
 Or marrowed *Eunuchs* whose adust desire
 Wants means to flake the fury of their false fire.
 O that I were a *Basilisk*, that I
 Might dart my venome, or else venom'd die.

Boy, bend thy bow, and with thy forked dart,
 Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
 Let flie Deaths Arrow, or if thou hast none,
 In Deaths name send an arrow of thine own:
 We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree:
 Shoot then at once, revenge thy self and me.

*With that, the little angry god did bend
 His steelen Bow, and in Deaths name did send
 His winged Messenger, whose faithful hast
 Dispatcht his iresul errand; and stuck fast
 Within his pierced Liver, and did hide
 His singing Feathers in his wounded side.
 Morphew fell down, as dead, and on the ground
 Lay for a little season in a swoond,
 Gasping for breath. And Lovers dreams (they say)
 Have evermore been wanton since that day:
 Venus was pleas'd: The goddess of the night
 Grew angry, she would needs resign her right
 Of Government, and in a spleen threw down
 Her Hemisphere, her Scepter, and her Crown:
 And with a dusky fog she did besmear
 The face of Venus. seiz'd her golden hair
 With her black shades, and with foul terms revild
 Both her cuckhold mate, and bastard childe:
 Whereat the God of War, being much offended,
 Forsook both seat and patience, and descended:
 And to the world, he proffer'd to make good
 Fair Venus honor, with his dearest blood:
 To whom poor Vulcan (puffing in a rage,
 To hear his well known fortune on the stage)
 Serail'd many a thark: And with his crouching knee
 Profess'd true love to such true friends as he,*

And

And ever since, experience lets us know,
Cuckolds are kinde to such as make them so.

By this God Morpheus waking from his swoond,
Began to groan; and from his aking wound
Drew forth the hurried shaft; but Mars (whose word
Admits no other second, but his sword)
Unsheath'd his furious Brandiron, and let flie
A blow at Morpheus head, which had well nigh
Clouen him in twain, had not the Queen of night
Hurl'd hasty mists before his darkned sight:
So that the Sword, by a false guided aim,
Struck Vulcans foot, which ever since was lame;
At last the Gods came down, and thought it good
To nip this early quarrel in the bud:
Who fearing uproars with a friendly cup
Of blest Nepenthe, took the quarrel up;
And for th' offence committed, did proclaim
This sentence in offended Juno's name,

Morpheus from hence is banisht, for this night
And not t'approach before the morning light:
Mars is exil'd for ever as a guest
Adjudg'd unfitting for a marriage Feast.
Cupid is doom'd to rove and rove about
To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out.
Venus is censur'd to perpetual night,
And not (unless by stealth) to see the light:
Her chiefeft joy to be but pleasing folly,
Perform'd with madness, dog'd with melancholly.

And here the Musick did invite their paces
To measure time, and by exchange of places
To lead the curious beholders eye
A willing captive to variety.

Thus with the sweet vicissitude of mirth
They spent the time, as if that Heaven and Earth
Had studied to please man in such a measure
That Art could not do more t'augment their pleasure:
And so they vanish.

Now Ceres Evening bounty re-invites
Her noble guests, to her renew'd delights;

And

And frolick *Bacchus*, to refresh their souls
 With a full hand presents his swelling Bowls.
 Wine came unwisht, like water from a source;
 And delicates we mingled with discourse.
 What art could do to make a welcome guest,
 Was liberally presented at that Feast.

It was no sooner ended, but appears
 An old gray Pilgrim deeply struck in years,
 In tatter'd garments: In his wrinkled hand
 An hour-glass, lab'ring with her latest sand;
 Beneath his arm a Buffen Knap-sack hung
 Trust full of Writings in an unknown tongue,
Chronologies, out dated *Almanacks*,
 And *Patents*, that had long surviv'd their Wax;
 Into his shoulders *Eagle-wings* were joyn'd:
 His head ill thacht before, but bald behinde;
 And leaning on his crooked *Sythe*, he made
 A little pause, and after that he said:

Mortals 'tis out, my Glass is run,

And with it the day is done:

Dark shadows have expell'd the light,

And my Glass is turn'd for night:

The Queen of darkness bids me say,

Mirth is fitter for the day;

Upon the day, such joys attend,

With the day, such joys must end.

Think not, Darkness, goes about,

Like death, to puff your pleasures out.

No, no, she'll lend you new delights,

She hath pleasures for the nights.

When as her shadows shall benight ye,

She hath what shall still delight ye:

Aged Time shall make it known,

She hath dainties of her own;

'Tis very late, away, away,

Let day sports expire with day;

For this time we adjourn your Feast:

The Bridegroom fain would be at rest:

And if the night-pastimes displease ye,

Day will quickly come, and ease ye.

YK

With

With that, a sweet Vermilian tincture stain'd
 The *Brides* fair Cheeks : The more that she restrain'd
 Her blush, the more her disobedient blood
 Did overflow ; as if a second flood
 Had meant to rise, and for a little space,
 To drown that world of beauty in her face :
 She blush'd ; (but knew not why) and like the *Moon*,
 She look'd most red, upon her going down.

But see : The smiling Ladies do begin
 To joyn their whispering heads, as there had been
 A plot of treason ; till at length unspid,
 They stole away th'unwilling-willing *Bride*.
 Their busie hands unrob'd her, and so led
 The timorous Virgin to her Nuptial bed.

By this, the *Nobles* having recommended
 Their tongues to silence, their discourse being ended
 They look'd about, and thinking to have done
 Their service to the *Bride*, the *Bride* was gone :
 And now the *Bridegroom* (unto whom delay
 Seem'd worse then death) could brook no longer
 Attended by his noble guests he enters (stay :
 That room, where th'interchangeable *Indentures*
 Of dearest love, lay ready to be seal'd
 With mutual pleasures not to be reveal'd,
 His garments grew too tedious, and their weight
 (Not able to be born) do over-fraight
 His weary shoulders : *Alas* never stoop
 Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt :
 No help was wanting, for he did receive
 What sudden aid he could expect, or have
 From speedy hands, from hands that did not waste
 The time unless (perchance) by over-haste :
 Mean while, a dainty warbling brest, not strong,
 As sweet, presents this *Epithalmon* Song.

*Man of War, march bravely on
 The Field's not easie to be won :
 There's no danger in that war,
 Where Lips, both Swords and Bucklers are.
 Here's no cold to chill thee,*

*A Bed of Down's thy Field :
Here's no sword to kill thee,
Unless thou please to yield,
Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no scars to number.*

*These be wars of Cupids making,
These be wars will keep you waking,
Till the early breaking day
Call your forces hence, away.*

*These be wars that make no spoil,
Death here shoots his shafts in vain :
Though the Soldiers get a foil,
He will rouse and fight again.
These be wars that never cease,
But conclude a mutual Peace.*

*Let benign and prosperous Stars,
Breathe success upon these wars,
And when thrice three months be run,
Be thou a Father of a Son :*

*A Son that may derive from thee
The honor of true merit.*

*And may to ages, yet to be,
Convey thy blood, thy spirit :*

Making the glory of his fame

• Perpetuate and crown thy name.

And give it life in spite of death

*When Fame shal want both trump and
(breath.*

*Have you beheld in a fair Summers Even
The golden-headed Chariter of Heaven,
With what a speed his prouder reins do bend
His painting horses to their journeys end ?
How red he looks, with what a swift career
He hurries to the lower hemisphear,
And in a moment shoots his Golden-head
Upon the Pillow of blushing *Thetis* bed ;
Even so the Bridegroom (whose desire had wings
More swift than Time) switcht on with pleasure
Into his Nuptial bed ; and look how fast (springs
The stooping Faulcon clips, and with what haste*

He

Her talons seize upon the timorous prey
 Even so his arms (impatient of delay)
 His circling arms embrac'd his blushing Bride,
 While she (poor Soul) lay trembling by his side.

The Bridegroom now grows weary of his guests,
 What mirth of late was pleasing, now molests
 His tired patience : Too much sweet offends :
 Sometimes to be forsaken of our friends,
 In *Cupid's* Morals, is observ'd to be
 The Fruits of friendship, in the best degree,
 And thus at last, the Curtains being clos'd,
 They left them, each in others arms repos'd.

And here my Muse bids draw our Curtains too,
 'Tis wight to see what private Lovers do :
Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over-rank,
But wait thy understanding with a Blank
Think not on what thou think'st ; and if thou canst,
Yet understand not what thou understandst,
Sow not thy fruitfull heart with so poor seeds :
Or if, perchance (unsoorn) they spring like weeds,
Use them like weeds, thou know'st not how to kill :
Slight them, and let them thrive against thy will :
View them like evils, that Art cannot prevent,
But see thou take no pleasure in their scent,
And one thing more. When as the morning light
Shal bring the bashful Bride into thy sight,
Be not too cruel : Let no wanton eye
Disturb, and wrong her conscious modesty :
And if she blush, examine not for what :
Nay, though thou see it (Reader) see it not.

And shall our story discontinue here ?
 Or want a period till another year ?
 Shall we befriend these Lovers, with the night,
 And leave them buried in their own delight,
 And so conclude ? No it shall ne'r be sed,
 That marriage joys end in the marriage Bed :
 Fond and adulterate is that love, which sounds
 Her happiness on such unstable grounds :
 And like a sudden blaze it never lasts,
 But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wastes,

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light
Is even as welcome to him as the night :
H's eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,
Whiles she lies sweetly slumbring by his side :
She sleeps, he views her : Thrice his minde was bent
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent :
Sometimes his lips with a stoln kiss would greet
Her guiltless lips : (*They say stoln goods are sweet*)
At length, she wakes, and hides her blushing cheeks
In his warm bosom, where she safely seeks
For *Sanctuary*, whereunto should flie
The guilt of her protected modesty :
He smiles and whispers in her deafned ear ;
(*Woman can understand, and yet not hear*)
He speaks, but she (even whilst his lips were breaking
Their words) with hers, did stop his lips frō speaking.
When thrice three Suns had now almost out-worn
The rare solemnities that did adorn
These Princely Nuptials, and had made report,
Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
The *Bridegroom* whose endeavours were addrest,
To practice what might please his fair *Bride* best,
Resolv'd to leave *Kalandar*'s house, and crown
Parthenia sole Commandress of her own ;
Long was it ere *Kalandar*'s liberal ear
Could be unlockt ; it had no power to hear
The word farewell ; Still *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuses ; which he soon defeated.
But as the stout *Achilles* did cashier
One rising head, another would appear :
Ever so, whilst his ingenuous love did smother
One cause of parting he would finde another.
Kalandar thus at last, (being over-wrought
With words, which importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
To yield, what he so long gain-said in vain.
'Tis now concluded *Argalus* must go,
But yet *Kalandar* must not leave them so :
There is no parting, till the aged Sire
Shall warm his fingers by *Parthenia*'s fire.

Parthenia sues, *Kalandar* must not rest,
Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd guest.

The morrow next, when *Titans* early ray
Had given fair earnest of a fairer day :
And with his trembling beams had repossest
The eyes of Mortals, newly rouz'd from rest,
They left *Kalandars* Castle ; and that night
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of Delight* :
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seat,
Well chosen, not capacious, as neat :
Yet it was large enough to entertain
A potent Prince, with all his Princely train :
It seem'd a Centre to a Park well stor'd
With Deer, whose wel-thriven bounty did afford
Continual pleasure and delight ; nay, what
That earth calls good, this Seat afforded not ?
Th'impatient Faulkner here may learn to say
Forgotten prayers, and blefs him every day.
The patient Angler, here, may tire his wish,
And (if he please) may swear, and yet catch fish.
The sneaking Fowler may go boldly on,
And ne'r want sport until his powder's done :
And to conclude, there was no stint, no measure
To th'old mans profit, or the yong mans pleasure :
Thither this night the Nuptial troop is gone :
And now *Partheniaes* welcome to her own.
But would you hear what entertainment past ?
Conceive it rather ; for my quill would waste
Th'unthriving stock of my bespoken time,
While such free bounty cannot stand with rime :
But that which most did season, and imbellish
Their choice delights, and gave the truest relish
To their best mirth, and pleasures ; was, to see
With what a sweet conjugal harmony
All things were carrried : Every word did prove
To add some acquisition to their love :
So one they were, that none could justly say,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey :
He rul'd, because she would obey ; and she,
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he :

What

What pleased him, would need no other cause
To please her too, but onely his applause ;
A happy pair, whose double life but one :
Made one life double, and the single, none.

Thus when th'unconstant Lady of the night
Had chang'd her sharpned horns, for an orb of light :

Kalandar (whose occasions grew too strong,
And may not be dispens'd withall too long)
Takes leave, and (being equal heavy-hearted
With sad *Parthenia* for his haste) departed :

But *Argalus* (who never yet could own
Himself with more advantage than alone)
And fair *Parthenia* (whose wel-pleas'd delight
Hopes nothing else, if *Argalus* be by her)

Need not the help of any to augment
The better joys of their retir'd content :

Sometimes the curious Garden would invite
Their gentle paces to her proud delight : (pleasure

Sometimes the wel-stor'd Park would change their
And tender to her view, their light-foot treasure :

Where th'unmolested Herb would seem to stand,
And crave a death at fair *Parthenia's* hand :

Sometimes her steps would climb th'ambitious Tower
From whose aspiring too they might discover

A little Commonwealth of Land, which none
But *Argalus*, durst challenge as his own :

Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read
Selected stories, whilst her ears would feed

Upon his lips, and now and then a kiss
Would interpose like a *Parentesis*,

between their semicircled arms, inclos'd ?
O what dul spirit could be indispos'd

to read such lines !) and whilst upon the Book
his eyes were fix'd, her pleas'd eyes would look

upon the graceful Reader, and eiepy
story far more pleasing, in his eye.

Upon a day as they were closely seated,
her ears attending, whilst his lips repeated

story, treating the renown'd adventures
and famous acts of great *Alcides* ; enters

A Messenger, whose countenance did bewray
 A haste too serious to admit delay :
 His hand presents him Letters, which did bring
 Their sealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King :
 Whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside :
 Her thoughts were troubled ; ever as she ey'd
 The messenger, her colours comes and goes.
Parthenia fears, and yet *Parthenia* knows
 Not what to fear : Her jealous heart knows how
 To fear an evil, because it fears to know :
 And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt
 Upon his eye, which seem'd to strive betwixt
 A thousand thwarting passions : Once he casts
 His eyes upon her, and finding hers so fast
 On his, he blusht, she blusht, both blusht together,
 Because they blusht for what, unknown to eithen.
 The Letter being read, (and having kist
Basilus name) he speedily dismiss
 The messenger, with promise to obey
Basilus just commands without delay :
 That done, he took *Parthenia* by the hand,
 His dear *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand,
 And to her greedy eye he straight presents
 The Paper ; ballac'd with its sad content :
Parthenia, with a fearful slowness took it :
 And with a fearful haste did overlook it :
 Her face being blanch'd with the pallid signs
 Of what she fear'd too soon, she read these lines.

Basilus Rex.

VV Hereas the famous and victorious name
 Of great *Amphialus* makes the trump of Fame
 Breathe nothing but his conquests, and renown :
 Whose lawless actions Fortune strives to crown
 (In spite of Justice) with a *V*. Glors merit,
 Respecting more the greatness of his spirit,
 Than justness of his cause ; to the dishonor
 Of vertue, and all such as wait upon her.
 And furthermore ; whereas his power is known
 To oppugn the welfare of our State and Crown.

3. With strong rebellion, to the high advancement
 Of his disloyal glory, and inbancement
 Of his perfidious name, the great increase
 Of factions and disturbance of our peace :
 Likewise, whereas his high prevailing hand
 (Against the force whereof no flesh can stand)
 Could ne'r be equal'd yet, much less o'rcome :
 But with loud triumph, still does carry home
 The spoil of our lost honor, to the same
 Of his rebellious glory, and our shame :
 Wherefore in our princely care prepending
 The serious premisses, and much depending
 On our known courage, have selected you
 To stand your Champion Royal, and renew
 Our wasted honor, with your Sword and Lance
 In equal Duel : Thus you shall advance
 The glorious pitch of your renowned name
 With the brave purchase of eternal fame :
 In this you shall receive our dying glory,
 And live the subject of this ages story
 (Which shall be read till time shall have an end)
 And tie Basilus your perpetual friend.

To our Right Trusty and Noble

Kinsman *Argalus.*

But as she read, her tears did trickle down
 Upon the lines, as if they meant to drown
 Th'unwelcome message, and at length, she said,

Alas me (my *Argalus*) was 't this you made
 Such haste to answer ? did that answer need
 To be return'd with so great a speed ?

Can you, O can you be so quickly won
 To leave your poor *Parthenia*, and be gone ?

To whom resolved *Argalus* (whose eye
 Was fixt upon his honor) made reply,
 My dear *Parthenia*, were it to obtain
 The unsun'd wealth of *Pluto* ; or to gain
 The sovereignty of the Earth without expence
 Of blood or sweat, without the least pretence
 Of danger, my ambition would despise
 The easie conquest of so great a prize.

If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by
 The poorest tear that trickles from thine eye,
 But to recal my promise, or forsake
 That resolution honor bids me make
 In this behalf, or to betray that trust
 Repos'd in me, the Gods would be unjust,
 (And not themselves) if they should but command
 Or urge me, with an over swaying hand :
 My dear Parthenia : Let no false suggestion
 Abuse thy passion ; or presume to question
 My dearest love, though honor bids us part,
 Yet honor cannot rob thee of my heart :
 Honor, that calls me with her loud alarms,
 Will bring me back with triumph to thine arms.
 So said, the said Parthenia (whose tears
 Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue) forbears
 To tempt her Language ; Griefs that are but small
 Can speak but great ones cannot vent at all
 But tender-hearted Argalus (to whom
 Such silence speaks too loud) forsook the room :
 And with a brest, as full of pen sive care,
 As honor, gave directions to prepare
 His warlike Steed, his Martial attire,
 And all things, such imployment does require.
 And here, O thou, thou great supream Protectress
 Of bolder spirits, and the sole directress
 Of lofty flying quills, which shall derive
 To after times, what glorious swords achieve :
 And mak'st the actions of heroick spirits
 Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits :
 Illustrious Clio, Aid me and inspire
 My ragged rhimes, with thy diviner fire :
 Teach me to raise my stile, and to attain
 A pitch that may transcend the vulgar strain :
 Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing :
 And let my ink be blood ; that I may sing
 Death to the life : Let him that reads, expound,
 Each dash, a sword, and every word a wound.
 By this, the Champion Royal had put on
 His Martial weeds ; but hasting to be gone,

The poor *Parthenia*, whose cold fit once past :
 (Like those in agues) now does burn as fast :
 She leaves the lonely room, and coming out
 She finds her *Argalus*, inclos'd about
 With glittering walls of Steel ; apparel'd round
 In his bright arms (whom she had rather found
 Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now
 But what her lips could not poor soul allow
 Without a Sea of Tears, her last farewell,
 She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
 Upon her knees, she clasp'd him by the arm,
 And looking up, she thus began to charm :

My *Argalus*, my *Argalus*, my Dear :
 And wilt thou go, and leave *Parthenia* here ?
 Wilt thou forsake me then ? and can these tears
 Not intercede betwixt thy deafn'd ears
 And my sad sute ? Canst thou, O canst thou go
 And leave thy poor distress'd *Parthenia* so ?
Parthenia sues, *Parthenia* does implore,
Parthenia begs, that never beg'd before :
 Remember, O remember you are now,
 Under the power of a sacred vow :
 Honor must stoop to vows, which once being crack
 You cannot do an honorable act :
 I have a right unto you : you are mine :
 I have that interest which I le ne'r resign
 Till death : I'le never hazard to forego
 My whole estate of happiness at one throw :
 No, no, I will not I will hold thee fast
 In spite of Honor, and her nine days blast :
 Our former acts have given sufficient proof
 To the wide world ; your valor's known enough
 Without a farther trial ; there's enow
 To lose their lives (less worthy) besides you :
 'Twas then a time for arms, when you had none,
 One other left to venture, but your own :
 Excuse me then, that only do endeavour
 To hold mine own, which now I must, or never :
 Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
 The danger, but *Parthenia* must partake :

Shall

Shall your Parthenia be indanger'd then?
 Parthenia sha'l be present, even when
 The strokes fall thickest; and Parthenia shall
 Suffer what ere to Argalus may befall:
 Parthenia, in your greatest pain, shall smart;
 Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's heart.
 Can prayers obtain no place? by this dear hand,
 The sacred Pledge of our conjugal band,
 By all the pleasures of our dearest love:
 By heaven, and all the heavenly powers above:
 Or if those motives cannot finde a room,
 Yet by the tender fruit, that in my womb
 Begins to bud; or if ought else appear
 To thy best thoughts more precious or more dear,
 By that forsake me not, although the rest
 Prevail not, Grant this first, this last request,

To whom the broken hearted Argalus,
 Wearied, but not o'come, made answer thus:
 My dear Parthenia: Thy desires never
 Gainsaid my will, till now: Do not persevere
 To crave that boon, I cannot grant: Forbear
 To urge me: Resolution bath no ear.
 Weep not (my joy) let not these drops of thine,
 That trickle from so fair an eye, divine
 A foul success: Chear up, a smile or two
 Would make me half a Conqueror, ere I go:
 Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight
 The glorious luster of so fair a light:
 Doubt not my life; the justness of my cause,
 That brings me on, will quit me with applause:
 Fear not, that such a blessing, such a wife
 Was ere intended for so short a life;
 Expect my safe return, as quick, as glorious:
 My Genius tells me, I shall live victorious.

So said, as if that passion had forgot
 Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not:
 But like to one new stricken with the thunder,
 She stood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder:
 His lips took leave, and as his arms surrounded
 Her feeble waste, she strait fell down, and swooned

But *Argalus* tranſported with the tide
And tyranny of honour, could abide
No longer ſtay ; he truſts her to the guard
Of her own women ; left her, and repair'd
Unto the Camp ; wherein he ſpent ſome days
In parley with *Amphialus* ; and aſſays
By all perſwaſive means, to make him yield
To juſt demands, and not to ſtain the field
With needleſs blood : But finding him unapt
For peaceful counſel (being ſtrongly rapt
With his own fame) and ſcorning to afford
His ear to any language but the ſword,
He ceas'd t'advise him ; and (enforc'd to try
A rougher *Dialect*) wrote him this deſire :

Renown'd *Amphialus*,
If ſtrong perſwaſions, backt with Reaſons, could
Been honor'd with your ear, your wiſdom would,
In yielding to ſo fair a peace, have won
As ample glory as your ſword hath done :
You ſhould have conquer'd ſouls, where n. w. at moſt,
You can ſubdue but bodies that have loſt
The power to reſiſt : But ſince my ſuit,
Sown on ſo barren ſoil, can finde no fruit ;
Receive a mortal challenge from a hand,
Whoſe juſtice takes a glory to withſtand
So foul a cauſe, and labours to ſubdue
Your heedleſs errors, whiſt it honours you :
Compoſe you then, to make a reparation,
According to your noble wonted faſhion :
And think not ſlight of ne'r ſo weak an arm
That ſtrikes, when juſtice ſtrikes up her alarm.

Argalus.

No ſooner had he read it, but his pen,
With noble ſpeed, return'd theſe lines agen :

Much more renowned *Argalus*,
Your faithful ſervant, whoſe victorious brow
Was never daunted yet, is daunted now
By your brave courteſie, being ſtricken dumb
With your rare worth, and fairly overcome :

F

Yet

Yet doubting not the justness of my cause
 (That's over-ruled by the sacred Laws
 Of dearest love) will give my Sword the power
 Even to maintain it, to the latest hour:
 I shall expect your coming in the Ile,
 Where, with a heart, (not poyson'd with the bite
 Or gall of malice) with my dearest blood,
 Your servant shall be ready to make good
 His just designs; assured of no lesse
 Than treble fame, if crowned with success:
 If not, there's no dishonor can accrew
 In being conquer'd, and o'rcome by you.

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus*, (whose blood did boyl
 To be in action) comes into the Ile,
 Clad in white Armor, gilt and strangely drest
 With knots of Womans hair, which from his crest
 Hung dangling down, and with their bounteous trea-
 O'rspread his Corset in a lib'ral measure; (sure
 His curious furniture was fashion'd out,
 Like to a flying Eagle, round about
 Beset with plumes, whose crooked beak (being cast
 Into a costly Jewel) was made fast
 To th'saddle bow: Her spreading train did cover
 His croopers, whilst the trappers seem to hover
 Like wings, that, to the fixt beholders eye
 As the horse pranc'd, the Eagle seem'd to flie.
 Upon his arm (his threatening arm) he wore
 A sleeve, all curiously embroiderd o'er
 With bleeding hearts which fair *Parthenia* made
 (In those cross times, when fortune so betray'd
 Their secret love, and with a smiling frown
 Dash'd their false hopes) as copies of her own.
 Upon his shield (for his device) he set
 Two neighb'ring Palms, whose budding branches met
 And twind together; the obscure imprese
 Imported this: *Thus flourishing as these.*
 His horse was of a fiery Sorrel, black
 His Main, his Feet, his Tail, on his proud back

A coal black List: his nostrils open wide,
Breath'd War, before his sparkling eye delcry'd
An enemy to encounter; up by turns,
He lifts his hasty hoofs, as if he scorns
The earth, or if his tabring feet had found
A way to go, and yet ne'r change the ground.
By this *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes years) was landed in the Ile,

In all respects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment, as the sword
And Lance could give; and at the Trumpets sound
The Steeds, (that needed not a prick to wound
Their bleeding flanks) both start, & with smootk run-
Their staves, declining with unshaken cunning, (ning
Perform'd their Masters will with angry speed :
But *Argalm* his well instructed Steed
Being hot, and full of courage, (fiercely led
By his own pride) prest in his prouder head :
The which when stout *Amphialus* espy'd
(Well-knowing it unsafe to give his side)
Prest likewise in, so that both men and horse,
Shouldring each other, with a double force
Fell to the ground : But by accustom'd skill,
And help o' fortunes hand, that succors still
Bold spirits, shun'd the danger of the fall,
And had (let's fear'd then hurt) no harm at all :
They rose, drew forth their swords which now begun
To do what their left staves had let undone.

Have ye beheld a Leaguer ? In what sort
The deep mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort,
And how by peece-meals it doth batter down
The yielding walls of the besieged Town ?
Even so their Swords (whose oft-repeated blows ;
Could find no patience yet to enterpose
A breathing respite) with redoubled strength
So hew'd their proofless armors, that at length
Their failing trust began to prove unsound,
And peece by peece they dropt upon the ground,
Trusting their bodies to the bare defence
Of vertue, and unarmed innocence:

Such deadly blows were dealt, and such required,
 That *Mars* himself stood raviht and affrighted
 To see the cruel Combat ; every blow
 Did act two parts ; both struck and guarded too
 At self same instant, So incomparable
 Their skillful quickness was, that none was able
 To say, (although their watchful eyes attended
 The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended :
 Long was it ere their equal skill and force
 Of arms could shew a better, or a worse :
 Neither prevail'd as yet, yet both excel'd
 In not prevailing, Neither eye beheld
 More equal odds ; no wound as yet could show
 A drop of wasted blood, yet every blow
 Was full of death : *When skilful Gamesters play,*
The Christmas-Box gains often more than they.

At length the sword of *Argalus* (that never
 Thirsted so long in vain till now ; nor ever
 Made vict'ry doubtful for so long a space)
 Fastned a wound on the disarmed face
 Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
 Had not his faithful shield born part, and been
 An equal sharer, his unequal fo,
 No doubt, had tum'd his conquest in that blow :
 With that the stout *Amphialus*, whose harm
 Gave sprightly quickness to his wounded arm,
 Upheav'd his thirsty Brandyron, and let flie
 A down-right blow ; but with a falsifie
 Revers'd the stroke, and left a gaping wound
 In his right arm : But *Argalus* that found
 A loss of blood, exchange'd his open play,
 And for his more advantage closely lay
 Upon a lower guard ; withal expecting
 A hop'd revenge, which was not long coming :
 For whilst *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd
 His tyrannous thoughts with conquest, and proclaim'd
 Undoubted victory) heaped his strokes so fast
 As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last,
 The watchful *Argalus* (whose nimble eye
 Dispos'd his time in onely putting by

Put home a thrust, (his right foot coming in)
 Add pierc'd his *Navel*, that the wound had been
 No less than death, if *Fortune* (that can turn
 A mischief to advantage) had forbore
 To shew a miracle ; for with that blow
Amphialus last made, his arm had so
 O'e struck it self, that sideward to the ground
 He fell ; and falling, he receiv'd that wound
 Which (had he stood) had enter'd in, point blank,
 But falling, onely graz'd upon his flank :
 Being down, brave *Argalus* his threatning sword
 Bids yield ; *Amphialus* answering not a word
 (As one, whose mighty spirit did disdain
 A life of alms) but striving to regain
 His Legs, and Honor, *Argalus* let drive,
 With all the strength a wounded arm could give
 Upon his head ; but his hurt arm (not able
 To do him present service, answerable
 To his desires) did let his weapon fall :
 With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withal)
 Arose, but *Argalus* ran in, and graspt
 (Being clos'd together) with him, where both clasp'd
 And grip'd each in th'unfriendly arms of either ;
 A while they grappled, grappling fell together,
 And on the ground, with equal fortune strove ;
 Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
 And sometimes *Argalus* : Both joynrly vow'd
 Revenge ; both wallow'd in their mingled blood,
 Both bleeding fresh : Now *Argalus* bid yield ;
 And now *Amphialus*, Both would win the field,
 Yet neither could ; at last, by free consent,
 They rose, and to their breathed swords they went.
 The *Combat's* now renew'd, both laying on,
 As if the fight had been but new begun :
 New wounds assuage the smarting of the old,
 And warm blood intermingled with the cold :
 But *Argalus* (whose wounded arm had lost
 More blood, than all his body could almost
 Supply ; and like an unthrif, that expends
 So long as he hath either stock, or friends)

Bled more than his spent fountains could make good;
His spirit could give courage, but not blood.

As when two wealthy *Clients*, that wax old
In suit (whose learned *Counsel* can uphold,
And gloss the cause alike, on either side)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both ; tis hard to say,
Who prospers best, or who shall Get the *Day* ;
But he, whose water first shall cease to flow,
And ebb so long, till it shall ebb too low,
His cause, (though richly laden to the brink
With right) shall strike upon the bar and sink,
And then an easie Counsel may unfold
The doubt ; the question's ended, with the gold :
Even so our Combatants, the whilst their blood
Was equal spilt , the cause seem'd equal good,
The victory equal, equal was their arms,
Their hopes were equal, equal was their harms :
But when poor *Argalus* his wasting blood
Ebb'd in his veins, (although it made a flood,
A precious flood, in the ungrateful field)
His cause, his strength (but not his heart) must yield.
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd :
With that, *Amphialus*, (whose noble strife
Was but to purchase honor, and not life)
Perceiving what advantage, in the fight
He gained, and the valor of the Knight,
Became his Suitor, that himself would please
To pity himself, and let the combat cease :
Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd
In honor to part itakes) with thanks, refus'd :
(Like to a luckless gamster ; who, the more
He loses, is less willing to give o'r).
And filling up his empty veins with spite,
Begins to sum his forces, and unite
His broken strength ; and (like a Lamp that makes
The greatest blaze at going out) he takes
His sword in both his hands, and at a blow
Cleft armor, shield, and arm, almost in two :

But

But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
 All pity ; and trusting to his Cards, he sets
 That stock of courage, treasur'd in his brest,
 Making his whole estate of strength his rest :
 And views such blows, as *Argalm* could not see
 Without his loss of life ; so thundred he
 Upon his wounded body, that each wound,
 Seem'd like an open Sluce of blood, that found
 No hand to stop it, till the doleful cry
 Of a most beauteous Lady, who well nigh
 Had run her self to death) restrain'd his arm
 (Perchance too late) from doing further harm :

It was the fair *Parthenia*, who at night
 Had dream'd, she saw her Husband in the plight
 She now had found him : Fear, and love together
 Gave her no rest, till they had brought her thither :
 The nature of her fear did now begin
 T'expel the fear of Nature stepping in.
 Between their pointing swords, she prostrate lay
 Before their blood-bedabled feet, to say
 She knew not what ; for as her lips would strive
 To be deliver'd, a deep sigh would drive
 Th' abortive issue of her language forth,
 Which, born untimely, perish'd in the birth :
 And if her sighs would give her leave to vent it,
 O, then a tear would trickle, and prevent it :
 But when the winde of her loud sighs had laid
 The shower of her tears, she sob'd and said :
O wretched eyes of mine ! O wailful sight !
O day of darkness ! O eternal night !
 And there she stopt ; her eyes being fixt upon
Amphialus ; she sigh'd and thus went on :

My Lord :

'Tis said you love : Then by that sacred power
 Of love, as you'd finde mercy in the hour
 Of greatest misery, leave off ; and sheath
 Your bloody sword ; cease if nought but death
 May slake your anger, O let mine, let mine
 Be a sufficient offering at the Shrine.

Of your appeased thoughts, or, if you thirst
 For Argalus his life, then take mine first :
 Or, if for noble blood you seek, if so
 Accept of mine : my blood is noble too,
 And worth the spilling : Even for her dear sake,
 Your tender soul affects, awake, awake
 Your noble mercy. Grant I care not whether :
 Let me die first, or kill us both together.

With that *Amphialus* was about to speak,
 But *Argalus* (whose heart did almost break
 To hear *Parthenia's* words) made this reply.

Parthenia, ah *Parthenia*, Then must I
 Be bought and sold for tears ? is my condition
 So poor, I cannot live, but by Petition ?
 So said ; he stept aside (for fear by chance,
 The fury of some misguided blow may glance
 And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high disdain,
 Would have begun the Combat fresh again :

But now *Amphialus* was charm'd ; his hand
 Had no sufficient warrant to withstand
Parthenia's fate, from whose fair eyes there came
 Such precious tears, in so belov'd a name :
 His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
 Was overcome, his very soul did smart ;
 He stirr'd not, but kept him at a distance ;
 And (putting by some blows) made no resistance.

Eut, what can long endure ? Lamps wanting oyl,
 Must out at last, although they blaze a while :
 Trees wanting sap must wither ; strength and beauty
 Can claim no privilege to quit that duty
 They ow to *Time* and *Change* ; but like a Vine
 (The unbound supporters) failing must decline ;
 Poor *Argalus* grows faint, and must give o'er
 To strike this feeble arm can strike no more :
 And natures pale fac'd *Bailly* now distrains
 His blood for that small debt that yet remains
 Unpaid : His arm that cannot use the point,
 Now leans upon the Pointel ; every joynt
 Disclaims their idle sinews ; and his eye
 Begins to double every object by ;

Nothing appears the same it was ; the ground,
And all thereon does seem to dance the round :
His Legs grow faint, and thinking to sit down,
He mist his Chair, and fell into a swoon.

With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haste, *Amphialus* began
To loose his Helmet, whilst her busie palm
Chaf'd his cold temples, (and distilling Balm
Into his wounds) her hasty fingers tore
Her Linnen sleeves, and Partlet that she wore,
To wipe the tear-mixt blood away and wrap
His wounds withal ; upon her panting Lap
She laid his lifeless head, (and wanting bands
To binde his bloody cloaths) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made so long) did freely rend
Her dainty hair, by handfuls from her head :
But as she wrapt the wounds, her eyes would shed
And wet the rags so much, that she was fain
With sighs and sobs to dry it up again :
Thus half distracted with her griefs and fears,
These words she intermingles with her tears.

*Distrest Parthenia ! Into what estate
Hath fortune, and the direful hand of Fate
Driven thy perplexed soul ? O thou, O thou,
That wert the president of all joys, but now,
Now turn'd th' example of all misery
For torments, worse than death, to practise by !
How less than nothing art thou ! and how more
Than miserable ! Thou that wert before
All Ladies of the Earth for happiness
But very now, (ah me !) now nothing less :
O angry heavens, what hath Parthenia done,
To be thus plagu'd ? or why not plagu'd alone,
If guilty ? what shall poor Parthenia do ?
To whom shall she complain ? alas ! or who
Shall give relief ? nay, who can give relief
To her that hopes for succor from her grief ?
O death ! Must we be parted then for ever,
And never meet again ? what, never ? never ?*

*Or shall Parthenia now be so unkind,
To leave her Argalus, and stay behind?
No, no, my dearest Argalus, make room,
(Ther's room enough in Heaven) I come, I come.*

Who ever saw a dying coal of fire,
Lurk in warm embers (till some breath inspire
A forc'd revival) how obscure it lies,
And being blown, glimmers a while and dies:
So *Argalus*, to whom *Parthenia's* breath
Giving new life, (a life in spite of death)
Recal'd him from his death-resembling trance,
Who from a painting Pillow did advance
His feeble head, and looking up, he made
Hard shift to force a language, and thus said:

*My dear Parthenia, Now my glass is run,
The Tapers tell me that the play is done;
My days are sum'd, death seizes on my heart;
Alas! the time is come, and we must part;
Yet by my better hopes grim death doth bring
No grief to Argalus, no o' her sting
But this, that I must leave thee, even before
My grateful actions can cross the score
Of thy dear merits.*

*But since it pleases him, whose wisdom still
Disposes all things by his better will,
Depend upon his goodness, and relie
Upon his pleasure not enquiring why,
And trust that one day we shall meet, and then
Enjoy each other ne'r to part again:
Mean while live happy: Let Parthenia make
No doubt, but blessed Argalus shall partake
In all her joys on Earth, which shall increase
His joys in Heaven, and Souls eternal peace:
Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
And faithful Arg'lus; let no thought renew
My last disgrace: think not the hand of Fate
Made me unworth by, though unfortunate:*

And as he spake that word, his lips did vent
A sigh, whose violence had well nigh rent

His.

His heart in twain ; and when a parting kiss
 Had given him earnest of approaching bliss,
 He snatch'd his sword into his hand, and cry'd,
O death ! Thou art a Conqueror ; and dy'd.
 With that *Parthenia*, whose livelihood was founded
 Upon his life, bow'd down her head and swoounded ;
 But Grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
 Before it kills, gave death a longer day:
 Else had *Parthenia* dy'd since death deprived
 Him of his life, in whose dear life she lived.

But ah ! *Parthenia's* sorrow was too deep ;
 Too too unruly, to be lull'd asleep
 By ought but death : She startles from her swoond,
 And nimbly-rising from the loathed ground,
 Kneels down, and lays her trembling hand upon
 His luke-warm lips, but finding his breath gone,
 Grief plays the tyrant, fierce distraction drives her
 She knows not where, unbounded rage deprives her
 Of sense and language, here and there she goes,
 Not knowing what to do, nor what she does :
 Sometimes, her fair misguided hand would tear
 Her beauteous face, sometimes her beauteous hair ;
 As if their use could stand her in no stead,
 Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.

But now *Amphialus* (that all this space
 Stood like an Idol fastned to his place ;
 Where with a World of tears he did bemoane
 The deed that his unlucky hands had done)
 Well knowing that his words would aggravate,
 Not ease the misery of her woful state,
 Spake not, but caus'd her women that came with her
 To urge her to the *Ferry*, where together
 With her dead *Argalus* sh^himbarkt ; from whom
 She would not part : No sooner was she come
 To t'other shore, but all the Funeral state
 Of Military Discipline did wait
 Upon the Corps, whilst troops of trickling eyes
 Fore-ran the well-perform'd solemnities :
 The Marshal Trumpet breath'd her doleful sound,
 Whilst others trail'd their Ensigns on the ground :

Thus.

Thus was the most lamented Corps convey'd
 Upon a Chariot, lin'd, and over-laid
 With Sables, to his house, a house, than night
 More black, no more the *Palace of Delight* :
 Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
 Prepar'd for vertue, and deserv'd renown :
 Where now we leave him to be full posselt
 Of endless Peace, and everlasting Rest.

But who shall comfort poor *Parthenia* now ?
 What Oration can prevail ? or how
 Can Counsel chuse but blush to undergo
 So vain a task, and be contemned too ?
 May reason move a heart, whose best relief
 Consists in desp'rate yielding to a grief ?
 Or what advice can relish in her ears,
 That weeps, and takes a pleasure in her tears ?

*Readers, forbear, sorrows that are lamented
 Are but exulcerated, but augmented :
 Forbear attempt, where there is no prevailing:
 A desperate grief grows stronger by bewailing :
 Leave her to time and fortune : Let your eyes
 No longer pry into her miseries :
 True mourners love to be beheld of none :
 Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.*

But now our Bloodhound *Muse* must draw, & track
Amphialus, and bring the murderer back
 To a new Combat : Where, if Fortune please
 To crown our Tragick Scene, and to appease
 The crying blood of *Argalus*, with blood :
 Our better relisht story (making good
 Your hopeful expectations) shall befriend
 The tears of our *Parthenia*, and end.

Soon as the stout *Amphialus* had out-worn
 The danger of his wounds, and made return
 Into the Martial Camp, there to maintain
 His new got honor, and to entertain
 Aggrieved challengers, that shall demand,
 Or seek for satisfaction from his hand :
 An armed *Knight* came praunling o'er the Plain,
 Denouncing War, and breathing forth Disdain :

Four Dam'sels ushered him in Sable Weeds ;
 And four came after, all on mourning Steeds :
 His curious Armor was so painted over
 With lively shadows, that you might discover
 The Image of a gaping Sepulchre :
 About the which, were scattered here and there
 Some dead mens bones : His horse was black as Jet,
 His furniture was round about beset
 With branches, flipt from the sad Cypress Tree,
 His bases (reaching far below the Knee)
 Embroidered o're with worms : Upon his Shield,
 For his Imprese, he had a beaureous Childe,
 Whose body had two Heads, whereof the t^one
 Appea'r'd quite dead ; the t^other (drawing on)
 Did seem to gasp for breath, and underneath,
 This *Motto* was subscrib'd, *From death, by death* :
 Thus arm'd to point, he sent his bold desie
 T^o *Amphialus*, who sent as quick reply.
 Forthwith, being summon'd, by the Trumpets sound
 They start ; but brave *Amphialus*, that found,
 The *Knight* had mist his rest, (as yet not met)
 Scorning to take advantage, would not let
 His Launce descend, nor (bravely passing by)
 Encounter his besiiended enemy.

Whereat the angry *Knight* (not apt to brook
 Such unsupportable mishap) forsook
 His whitermouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aside
 (Which too-too partial Fortune had deny'd
 A fair success) drew forth his glittering sword :
 Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhor'd
 A conquest meerly by advantage gain'd,
 Esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
 Drew forth his sword ; and for a little space
 Their strokes contented with an equal pace,
 And fierceness : He herein did more discover
 A bravery, than anger, whil'st the other
 Bewray'd more spleen, than either skill, or strength
 To manage it : *Amphialus* at length,
 With more than wonted ease, did batter so
 His ill defended armor, that each blow.

Open'd

Open'd a door, for death to enter in :
 And now the noble Conqueror does begin
 To hate so poor a conquest, and disdain'd
 To take a life, so easily obtain'd,
 And mov'd with pitty. stepping back he staid
 His unresisted violence, and said,
*Sir Knight, contest no more ; but take the peace
 Of your own passion : Let the combat cease,
 Seek not your causeless ruine ; turn your arm
 (Better employ'd) 'gainst such as wish you harm ;
 Husband your life, before it be too late,
 Fall not by him, that ne'r deserv'd your hate.*
 To whom the Knight, return'd these words again.

*Thou li'st, false Traitor, and I here disdain
 Both words and mercy with a base desie,
 And to thy throat my sword shall turn the lie.*
 To whom *Amphialus* : *Uncivil Knight,
 Courageous in nothing, but in spight,
 And base discourtesie, thou soon shalt know
 Whether thy tongue betrays thy heart, or no.*
 And as he spake, he gave him such a wound
 Upon the neck, as struck him to the ground :
 And with the fall, his sword (that now deny'd
 All mercy) fiercely tilts into his side :
 That done ; he loos'd his Helmet, with intent,
 To make his over-lavish tongue repent,
 Of these base words, he had so basely said,
 Or else to crop him shorter by the head.
 Who ever saw th' illustrious eye of Noon
 (New broken from a gloomy cloud) send down
 His earth-rejoycing glory, and disolay
 His golden beams upon the sons of Day :
 Even so the Helmet being gone, a fair
 And costly treasure of unbroided hair
 Or'spred the shoulders of the vanquish'd Knight :
 Whose now discover'd visage (in despite
 Of neigh'ring death, did witness and proclaim
 A sovereign beauty in *Parthenia's* name,
 And she it was indeed, see how she lies
 Smiling on death, as if her blessed eyes

(Bless)

(Blest in their best desires) had espied
 His face already, for whose sake she died :
 The *Lillies*, and the *Roses* (that while ere
 Strrove in her cheeks, till they compounded there)
 Have broke their truce, and freshly fall to blows,
 Behold the *Lilly*, hath o'rcome the *Rose* :
 Her *Alabaster* neck (that did out-go
 The *Doves* in whiteness, Or the new falln *Snow*)
 Was stain'd with blood, as if the red did seek
 Protection there, being banish'd from her cheek :
 So full of Sweetness, was her dying face,
 That death hath nor the power to displace
 Her native beauty ; onely by translation,
 Molded and cloath'd it in a newer fashion.

But now *Amphialus*, (in whom grief and shame
 Of this unlucky victory, did claim
 An equal interest) prostrate on the Earth,
 Accurs'd his sword, his arm, his hour of birth ;
 Casting his Helmet, and his Gauntlet by,
 His undissembled tears did testify
 What words could not : But finding her estate
 More apt for help, than grief (though both too late)
 Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
 His hands (his often curst hands) did proffer
 Their needless help, and, with his life to show
 What honor a devoted heart could do :
 Where to *Parthenia* (whose expiring breath
 Gave speedy signs of a desired death)
 Turning her fixt (but oft recalled) eyes
 Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
 No more : Your hands have done, what I desire,
 What I expect ; and if against your will,
 The better : so I wish your favors still.
 Yet one thing more (if enemies may sue)
 I crave, which is, to be untouch'd by you ;
 And as for honor, all that I demand,
 Is not to purchase honor from your hand :
 No, no, 'twas no such bargain made ; that he,
 Whose hands had kill'd my *Argalus*, should help me :

Your

Your hands have done enough, I crave no more ;
 And for the deeds sake I forgive the deer:
 What then remains ? but that I go to rest
 With Argalus, and to be repossess'd
 Of him, with him for ever to abide,
 Ere since whose death I have so often died.
 And there she fainted (even as if the Clock
 Of death had given a warning ere it struck)
 But soon returning to her self again :
 Welcome sweet death, (said she) whose minutes pain
 Shall crown this Soul with everlasting pleasure.
 Come, come, and welcom, I attend thy leisure,
 Delay me not : O do me not that wrong,
 My Argalus will chide, I stay so long :
 O now I feel the Gordian knotted bands
 Of life untid : O Heavens ! into your hands
 I recommend my better part, with trust
 To finde you much more merciful than just :
 (Yet truly just withal) O life ! O death !
 I call you to a witness that this breath
 Ne'r drew a blast of comfort, since that hour
 My Arg'us died : O thou eternal Power,
 Shroud all my faults beneath the Milk-white vail
 Of thy dear mercy; and when this tongue shall fail
 To speak, O then.

And as she spake (O then) O then she left
 To speak ; and being suddainly bereft
 Of words, the fatal Sister did divide
 Her slender twine of life, and so she di'd.

So di'd Parthenia, in whose closed eyes
 The world of Beauty and Perfection lies
 (Lockt up by Angels, as a thing divine)
 From mortal eyes, the whilst her vertues shine
 In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
 Leaving the world no Relick, but the story
 Of earths perfection, for the mouth of Fame
 To consecrate to her eternal name,
 Which shall survive, (if Muses can divine)
 (Though not in these poor monuments of mine)

To

To th'end of days, and by these looser rimes,
 Shall be deliver'd to succeeding times :
 So long as beauty shall but finde a friend,
Partheniaes lasting fame shall never end :
 Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chaste,
 Be held a sin, *Partheniaes* name shall last.

Thus when *Amphiaraus* had put out this Lamp,
 This Lamp of honor, he forsook the Camp,
 And like a willing pris'ner was confin'd
 To the strict limits of a troubled minde :
 No Jury need b'impannell'd or agreed
 Upon the Verdict, none to attest the deed ;
 None to give sentence in the Judgement-hall ;
 Himself was Witness, Jury, Judg, and all :
 Where now we leave him, whilst we turn our eyes
 Upon *Partheniaes* women, whose fierce cries
 Inforce a helpless audience : *It is said,*
When Troy was taken, such a cry was made.
 One snatcht *Partheniaes* sword, resolv'd to die
Partheniaes death : Another raving by,
 strove for the weapon ; through which eager strife,
 They both were hindred, and each sav'd a life.
 Others, whom wiser passion had taught how
 To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
 Their careless bodies on the purple floor :
 Where, sprinkling dust upon their heads, they tore
 Their tangled hair, and garments drencht in tears,
 And cry'd, as if *Partheniaes* blessed ears
 Could hear the voice of grief, such griefs as would
 Return her from her glory, if they could :
 Each heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true passion,
 Where griefs were clothed in a several fashion.
 Sometimes their sorrow would recall to view
 Her vertue, chastness, sweetness, and renew
 Their wasted passions, and oft times they bann'd
 Themselves, for obeying her unjust command.
 And now by this the mournful trump of Fame
 Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclame
 And spread her doleful tidings, whilst all ears
 And eyes were fill'd with death and sliding tears :

Pity

Pity and sorrow mixt with admiration,
 Became the threefold subject of all passion :
 Grief went her progress through all hearts; and no
 From the poor Cottage to the Princely throne (re
 Could own a thought, whose best advice could be
 The smallest respite from th'extreams of sorrow.

But all this while, *Basilius* Princely brest,
 As it commanded, so out-griev'd the rest :
 His share was treble ; Hearts of Kings are deep
 And close ; what once they entertain they keep
 With violence : The violence of his passion
 Admits no mean, as yet no moderation :
 But soon as grief had done her private rights
 And dues to *Honor* : *Honor* (that delights
 In publike service, and can make the breath
 Of sighs and sobs to triumph over death)
 Call'd in Solemnity, with all her train
 And Military pomp to entertain
 Our welcom Mourners, whose slow paces tread
 The paths of death ; and with sad triumph lead
 The slumbring body to that bed of rest,
 Where nothing can disquiet or molest
 Her sacred ashes, there intombed lay
 The valiant *Argalus* ; and there, they say,
 Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians* once a yeer ,
 Visit the ruines of their Sepulchre ;
 And in memorial of their faithful loves,
 There built an Altar, where two Milk-white Doves
 They yearly offer to the hallowed Fame
 Of *Argalus* and his *Parthenias* name.

Hos ego versiculos.

Like to the Damask Rose you see,
 Or like the Blossom on a Tree,
 Or like the dainty flower of May,
 Or like the morning to the day,
 Or like the Sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the Gourd that Jonas had,
 Even such is man, whose bred is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

*The Rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth :
The Sun sets, the shadow flies,
The Gourd consumes, and man be diet.*

*Like to the blaze of fond delight :
Or like a morning clear and bright,
Or like a Frost, or like a shower,
Or like the pride of Babels Tower,
Or like the hour that guides the time,
Or like to Beauty in her prime :
Even such is man, whose glory lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.*

*Delights vanish, the morn o'r caste h,
The Frost breaks, the shower hasteth,
The Tower falls, the hour spends,
The Beauty fades, and mans life ends.*

Fr. Quarless

The Authors Dream.

I.

M*y sins are like the hairs upon my Head,
And raise their Audit to as high a score :
In this they differ : These do daily shed :
Alas ! My sins grow daily more and more.
If by my Hairs thou number out my sins ;
Heaven make me bald before the day begins.*

II.

*My sins are like the Sands upon the shore,
Which every ebb lays open to the eye :
In this they differ : These are cover'd o'r
With every tide, my sins still open lie.
If thou wilt make my Head a Sea of Tears,
They will hide the sins of all my years.*

My

III.

*My sins are like the Stars within the skies,
In view, in number ; even as bright, as great :
In this they differ : They do set and rise ;
But ah ! My sins do rise, but never set.*

*Shine Sun of glory, and my sins are gone,
Like twinkling Stars before the rising Sun.*

Fr. Quarl

FINIS.



C. 7. 16

Direct your letter
for the care of
Jacobus de Wille
M. D. L. X. for the
in. Sanct. Cythra in
the full of the
end of of the
name of the
the full of the

Q. 10

Direct letter for the
Lord of Gough
to the Honorable
in Saint Catherine
for the first time
of the year
against the night

17th
18th
19th
20th
21st
22nd
23rd
24th
25th
26th
27th
28th
29th
30th

Q.
H.

This
book pertains
to James Graham

3 festes
inducere

Hic liber est meus posui per
si quis me querit ^{compendium} Jacobus ^{magister} ~~magister~~
si quis inquitur Grahamus ^{magister}